

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## OUT OF TOWN.

WHEN suns are hot, and struggle thro'  
 My dingy pane's accustomed brown,  
 When every sky save this is blue,  
 And all the world is out of town,  
 I too am of it; for my soul  
 At least can follow fancy's bent,  
 And hasten to its oft-sought goal,  
 "A little village down in Kent."

I go to it by coach: all day  
 By town, by hill, by dale, we race;  
 The guard's key-bugle cheers our way,  
 His coat no ruddier than his face.  
 The distance comes, is seen, is passed,  
 No half-snatched glimpse thro' smoke and  
 steam;  
 And yet we seem to fly too fast  
 Thro' such a land, with such a team.

As evening falls we reach the place,  
 Last spot to Cockneys quite unknown;  
 No railroads ancient ways deface,  
 Or bring one bagman out of town.  
 The age of gold has not yet set,  
 So far behind this age we lag  
 Where thrive the golden farmers yet,  
 And wheat's worth Lord knows what a bag.

The golden farmers! for their stock  
 No sea-borne murrain sweeps away,  
 Nor constant rains destroy the flock  
 Whose wholesome lambs by kind ewes play.  
 No grain-filled ships through storm and blast  
 Wild seas undeviating stem,  
 Or million herds on prairies vast  
 Breed, feed, and die to ruin them.

*Here* stretch the yellow corn-fields wide,  
 Blue smoke from each white homestead curls,  
 Sheep dot the sloping valley side,  
 And on each hill its windmill whirls:  
*There* bounding billows curve and fret,  
 Suns rise upon a thousand sail  
 Which wait, not independent yet,  
 The coming of the wished-for gale.

The old church-tower stands straight and  
 square,  
 Built of smooth flints from off the shore;  
 The aisles are cold and damp and bare,  
 Where close-penned farmers weekly snore;  
 The beadle fiddles to the choir,  
 Candles nor cross the altar crown,  
 The old clerk mauls his sacred lore,  
 The parson preaches in black gown.

Two battered patched machines invite  
 To pleasing death the bather keen;  
 Grey sailors loiter round, whose might  
 Once launched the old boats 'gainst which  
 they lean.

The salt-sea smell is all about,  
 And tarry nets hang everywhere  
 Day marks no smiling brow with thought,  
 Night brings no haunting dream of care.

"Rest, rest with us;" the cool waves' play  
 Scarce moves the lazy shingle round;

"Rest, rest with us," land breezes say,  
 And scarce the corn-fields catch the sound.  
 Dread storms must oft those valleys sweep,  
 And winds must stir that peaceful sea;  
 Yet still those waves but rock my sleep,  
 And still those storms bring calm to me.

But genius (!) loathed the honest street,  
 And pined upon the breezy down;  
 I shook the dust from eager feet,  
 And left the country for the town.  
 Back to old scenes should wanderers roam,  
 Their disappointed spirits find  
 Sad changes in the ancient home  
 Which they reseek with altered mind.

So I awake. Each dusty pane  
 More dusty for my dream appears;  
 And is it fancy tries in vain  
 Erase the toiling weary years?  
 Her for the future we invoke,—  
 Fair were the towers she used to raise;  
 But here a sleeping memory woke  
 Of innocent and happy days.

When hopes are lost, or gained, and passed,  
 And each fresh bud's a withered rose,  
 Beneath the shade your yew-trees cast  
 This worn-out truant may repose.  
 Then should some friend my heart lay bare,  
 When deaf to praise and dead to blame,  
 He'd find the record graven there,  
 Dear village, of your humble name.  
 St. James's Gazette. W. D.

## AFTER A LITTLE WHILE.

THERE is a strange, sweet solace in the thought  
 That all the woes we suffer here below  
 May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought  
 For us to wear, whether we will or no,  
 Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,  
 After a little while.

No mortal roaming, but hath certain end;  
 Though far unto the ocean spaces grey  
 We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,  
 Above the sky-line, faint and far away,  
 There looms at last the one enchanted isle,  
 After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and  
 fast  
 With more of anguish than the heart can  
 bear,  
 Though friends desert, and, as the heedless  
 blast,  
 Even love pass by us with a stony stare,  
 Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,  
 Or lonely forest aisle—

And contemplate the never-ceasing change,  
 Whereby the processes of God are wrought,  
 And from our petty lives our souls estrange,  
 Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,  
 We feel the rest that must our cares beguile  
 After a little while!

Golden Hours.

From The British Quarterly Review.

ITALIAN UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE  
MIDDLE AGES.

THE chief centre of scientific activity during the Middle Ages was in Italy. As traders in those troublous times bound themselves together in guilds, so men of science formed those celebrated academic bodies, most of which exist in a modified form amongst us to-day, for mutual protection and support. Inasmuch as Italy contained the shattered remnants of knowledge which had survived the ruin of the old world, so, naturally, to Italy, its then acknowledged fountain-head, flocked students from every nation and every tongue who thirsted after wisdom.

Frederic's concessions to the jurists of Bologna at the Diet of Roncaglia gave the first elements of power to that Alma Mater of Italian universities, and, based on these liberties, societies sprang up exact parallels to which are not to be found in the world's history. They were so many small republics governing themselves according to their own laws, pampered by the larger republics or cities in which they were placed, and the scholars themselves were rulers of these universities. The students chose their teachers and elected their governors, and they saw after the arrangement of the material which they wished to learn; and they compelled every professor to write out at the beginning of term time his *pagina*, which contained a programme of what he thought himself capable of teaching. These *pagine* were presented to the college or assemblage of students, who noisily discussed the topics before them, and if a professor was considered deficient in any point, he very soon found it best to leave the university.

In constitution they resembled independent corporations planted in a State, composed of masters and scholars who lived a common life, were under the same laws, and enjoyed alike the privileges of this corporation. The inhabitants of the city around them were forbidden in any way to interfere. Duke Hercules, of Ferrara, laid a fine of two hundred ducats on an inhabitant who so much as entered the university precincts without special leave.

Of course, as at Oxford, vague traditions about founders were current in the Italian universities. One of them claimed to have received its first charter from the empress Matilda, another from Charlemagne, just as Oxford professes to trace her pedigree to King Alfred; but it is sufficient for our purpose to know that, during three or four centuries after Frederic I. gave a charter of freedom to Bologna, academic life was at its height in Italy, and to this period we will consequently confine ourselves.

Rich republics and cities prided themselves on their universities; few were without them in mediæval Italy. When they had decided upon opening one within their walls, a regular embassy was despatched to the scholars and doctors of another academic institution, offering them more extensive liberties than they then possessed if they would come and settle amongst them. Having thus obtained a satisfactory charter, the doctors and scholars, together with their families, would migrate to their new home, to be received with the greatest rejoicing and honor. After a city had been decimated by war or pestilence, this method of increasing the population by gathering together a nucleus of study was often adopted; this is the course Florence pursued, Villani tells us, after the great plague of 1348. Often, too, after a war, it would be stipulated in the treaty of peace that no hindrance should be put in the way of some celebrated doctor taking up his residence with one of the contending States, if so be he would agree to their terms. A bull from either the pope or the emperor, which was never refused, was then obtained. The newly arrived scholars and doctors elected their governors, formed their statutes, and opened their lecture-rooms, and the new university was then raised up on a flourishing basis, much to the disgust of the mother Bologna, who complained that hers was the only original true university; though she never ceased to thrive, spite the multiplicity of her offspring.

At Bologna, in the fourteenth century, there were thirteen thousand scholars,\*

\* Muratori.

divided into *ultramontani*, foreigners, and *citramontani*, Italians. Amongst the former were German, French, Belgian, Spanish, English, Polish, Greek, Irish, and Portuguese; each nationality had its own professors; \* nobles and princes came to Italy from all parts. Amongst the foreigners, the Germans enjoyed the greatest number of immunities, from the fact that the German emperor's power in Italy was unquestionable, and he had said that foreigners, more especially Germans, ought to have the most privileges, inasmuch as they sojourned in a hostile country, with none to protect them; so they had a privilege given to them which none others had, namely, that of being judged in all cases, criminal and civil, by councillors of their own nationality; consequently they held themselves in great esteem, as the following anecdote shows. At Padua, in 1558,† one of the medical professors, whilst explaining in a lecture the formation of the muscles of the tongue, cast some slur on the German pronunciation. Insulted beyond measure at this, the Germans in a body left Padua to pursue their studies elsewhere, but not before they had created serious riots in the town, which made the rector humbly entreat them to depart.

Although in the lecture halls students of different nationalities were separated, occupying their own benches, and having their own professors, nevertheless the coexistence in the same town of so many scholars of different tongues, nations, and customs was a source of endless discord. The rectors of the universities were frequently not equal to coping with the riots that ensued, for they had originally been elected to their office by the students, and every rector felt in a measure bound to rule with a light hand. In 1579 a Frenchman and a German fell out at Padua,‡ and the whole university was shortly in arms. The Senate had at length to interpose, and closed seven law schools, four medical, and one of philosophy, "and," adds the annalist of this university, "the Germans were the most tumultuous, for,

having most privileges, they thought others wished to interfere with them."

Bologna may be said to have been the typical university of mediæval Italy; all others were modelled on her example. The first jurists of the day regulated her statutes, and, moreover, she was the first to rejoice in the name of "university." On her list of doctors appeared popes, cardinals, archbishops, ambassadors, — the flower, in short, of the nobility of Europe; and in republican Bologna nobles were allowed to wear only the same dress as the other students, their privileges consisted in being entitled to sit on the first benches at lectures and in being obliged to pay higher fees.

This academic body was divided into two distinctive parts, the jurists and the artists. So superior was law considered in those days, that the former held their heads high above the latter class, amongst whom were reckoned those who studied and taught medicine, philosophy, grammar, etc. Each of these had a rector to itself, though the rector of the artists was immeasurably inferior to the rector of the jurists, and had to receive the sanction of the latter before his election was considered valid, and for long years the artists had to pay an annual tribute to the jurists, and in the streets of mediæval Italy pitched battles would occur between these two academic factions on the much-vexed question of precedence. This was, in addition to the above-mentioned conglomeration of nationalities, another element of discord amongst the students in Italy.

Two distinct classes of overseers were elected to control the affairs of the universities. Firstly, those who watched over the executive interests of the academic body, and, secondly, those who taught and looked to scientific progress, such as the doctors, the licentiatees, and those scholars who were allowed to enter the arena of dispute, if anybody could be got to listen to them.

To the first class belonged the rectors, who ranked above all civil and ecclesiastical authorities, in fact, on a level with cardinals of the university. They were elected by the professors and scholars; but, though the honor was great, the ex-

\* Mazzetti, *Repertorio di Professori Bolognesi*.

† Facciolati.

‡ Ibid.



pense attending the office was such that many were compelled to forego the dignity on that score. Of the many festive days at an Italian university, the installation day of the incoming rector surpassed all others in grandeur. The professors, bishops, and all the magistrates of the city, assembled in the cathedral, whilst a procession went to the new rector's house to conduct him thither. This procession was headed by trumpeters and tambourine players. Twelve scholars carried for him his golden fasces, as emblem of his dignity. Behind followed the keepers of the seal of the statutes, carrying the rector's hat, after whom stalked a beadle with silver sceptre. Then came the rector himself in his scarlet toga ornamented with gold, and accompanied by the syndic and other university officials, each in the gown that distinguished him. All the students in the town followed in the rear.

In the cathedral one of the doctors read an oration in praise of the university magistrates and of the new rector in particular, after which some ancient and distinguished professor was chosen to present him with the seal and statute. In an elegant speech the rector responded, mass was said, and the church festivities were at an end. Not so those in the town, jousts and tournaments occupied the afternoon, the victors at which received their guerdons from the rector's hands, and the day grew old in revelry. Decidedly it was an honor to be a rector; but he had to pay for it all, and was counted stingy if the table in his courtyard did not groan with viands, and if his vats did not run with wine for the populace.

The rector had supreme authority over the students in cases civil as well as criminal. The syndic of the university was the next official, and acted as vice-rector when occasion required. The councillors were appointed to look after the interests of the different foreign students who had elected them. Then there were numerous other officials, such as the *peziani*, who looked after the books, "six good men chosen from the bosom of the university;" the *stazionarii*, who looked after the MSS. But perhaps the most interesting

of them all were the beadles (*bidelli*), whose duties brought them face to face with the students and with the professors. They not only exercised the office of spies on the behavior of the former, but they also pulled up the latter for any misconduct or neglect of duty.

Firstly, the beadles had to assist the professors in any dispute or disturbances that might arise amongst the students at their lectures; secondly, they had to see to the cleanliness of the schools, to arrange the benches and the order of precedence in which the students should sit; thirdly, they kept the books of the students when they went out, and lastly they had to keep a strict surveillance over the conduct of the professors, and to report to headquarters any deficiency in the exercise of their duties; as, for instance, if they arrived late at lecture or gave up too soon, the beadle's duty was to send in their names as delinquents, and if the case was proved against them, a heavy deduction was made from the professor's salary.

Fabroni, in his history of the Pisan university, gives us an instance of a bitter report sent in by a beadle concerning Professor Pier Filippo, who ought to have lectured for three hours a day, but was accustomed to perform only half his task. But nothing can equal the ignominy heaped upon a professor at Turin,\* owing to the report of a beadle. The jurist Nevizzano in one of his lectures happened to cast some slur on the capacity of the female sex, the beadle reported him as slandering those who could not defend themselves, by reason of their exclusion from the university and the hall of dispute. Not only did the professor by this bring down on his head the indignation of the fair sex of the whole city, but even the pupils took up the cry against him, and poor Nevizzano was condemned to appear in the public square to apologize for his disrespect by carrying two Latin lines written in large letters on his forehead, which may be thus roughly rendered:—

Silly's the bird that doth dirty its nest,  
Much as the man who doth women molest.

Such were the duties of the beadle of

\* Villauri.

an Italian university. His salary was due entirely to collections made amongst the scholars three times a year. In Padua, in 1575, a beadle was allowed to take up the office of bookbinding, since he was not able to subsist on his collections;\* at Bologna,† on the other hand, we read of a very popular deformed little beadle, named Gallopresso Tarentius, who made himself so agreeable to the students by his jokes and oddities, that he died a rich man, leaving £2,000 behind him.

Another very lucrative post in an Italian university was that of the copyist. These personages got up the diplomas, that is to say, the *testamurs* for degrees, on vellum, with sumptuous illuminated monograms. Besides this they copied out neatly for the students the notes they had taken during lectures, and in those days, before printing was invented, the eagerness to collect in a readable form the wise words which fell from the professor's lips was unbounded. Great rivalry was displayed amongst the students in the decoration of their notebooks. To produce special monograms for each page was the work of the copyist, and large sums would be paid for them from time to time, so that ruin to the student was often the result, and a premature termination to his academic career. Women were not infrequently appointed copyists to the universities, and thereby earned for themselves a comfortable livelihood.

We will now, before considering that quintessence of mediæval ability, the doctor or professor of an Italian university, pass on to the students themselves. Attracted by the fame of some professor, noblemen from all parts of Europe flocked to the lecture-room to learn what he had to say. These students were not of necessity young boys just emancipated from school, though perhaps young men were in the majority. Many of them brought wives and families with them. If most went for knowledge, there was always a very considerable percentage who went only to enjoy the freedom of life and the liberties of the university: they went but to indulge in license and revelry, and when expelled from one university, would pass on to another to carry on their life of dissipation.

The students lived in lodgings prepared for them about the town, and in early days attended lectures in the professor's

own house, until the increased number of students plainly showed a necessity for building large halls for the purpose of lecturing. Bulgaro, the celebrated jurist of Bologna, lectured in his house, which was called the *Curia Bulgaro*. Sometimes lectures were held in convent halls. Azone, another Bolognese jurist of celebrity, had so many pupils that he was compelled to lecture in the open piazza.\* A popular lecture was perfectly besieged by anxious learners. So great was the desire for learning in those days that occasionally professors were chosen to lecture in the dialect of the place for the benefit of the common folk, so that all might learn; for till printing came into vogue oral learning was alone possible. It is curious to see how indecorous it was thought that the doctors in those days should teach from anything like written notes. In 1592, at Padua, doctors were forbidden to use notes, on pain of a forfeit of twenty ducats, to be deducted from their salary, and those who did make use of any assistance to memory were called *cartacci*, or paper doctors. The great point of ability consisted in memory. A doctor was estimated by the number of laws and passages he could recite. To argue on facts accepted as true by Justinian, Hippocrates, Galen, or any other great authorities, was never recognized as aught but presumption. Memory was the one thing to be cultivated. A doctor who could make clever rhymes of those rebellious passages in law and medicine which refused to stay in the memory was greatly esteemed. Professor Palombo, who, as years went on, lost his memory, vacated his seat and died of shame.

The scholastic year consisted of ten months, beginning on St. Luke's Day in October, on which occasion the rector, the councillors, and other scholastic magistrates went in great pomp to hold mass in the cathedral. There was a vacation of fifteen days at Carnival, called *Baccanalia*; one of fifteen days at Easter, and another of eleven at Christmas; also every feast day was a holiday. If no feast day occurred in a week, no lectures were given on Friday.

Every morning the students' bell rang out to summon them to lectures, and very early some of them must have been, for at Padua there was a beadle appointed expressly to light the lamps before dawn; these were called *antilucari* lectures. There was little pause during the day in

\* Facciolati.  
† Savigni.

\* Sarti.

this thirst for knowledge. There were the regular morning, midday, and afternoon lectures, besides extra hour lectures, vacation lectures, and feast day lectures. Certain books were forbidden to be taught, but the professors, wishing to gain favor with the students, would hold nocturnal lectures in their own houses; the beadles were generally too sharp and put a stop to them, and the professor paid his fine.

The students, in the plenitude of their liberty, were very wilful and headstrong; if they wished for an extension of the vacation they did not hesitate to use means which would secure it. A fair was going on at Pisa just when the vacation ended. Though the doctors had published their list of lectures the students wished to have their holidays prolonged, so they got hold of the professors' books, made a bonfire of them, and went to enjoy themselves at the fair.\* And again, at the marriage of the duke Hercules, at Ferrara, the students of the university made a bonfire of their benches, so that they had nothing to sit upon, and of necessity got a holiday.†

Fines and imprisonment were amongst the penalties imposed on rebellious students, though these were never severe. Sometimes, however, a body of industrious scholars would demand the punishment of companions who were too frivolous; for instance, when gallant students brought to the lectures ladies in dominos and masks, who disturbed the studious ones by their "tittering and chattering."

Some of the riots and brawls occasioned by the students in a town make us wonder at the ambition displayed by some cities to have them in their midst. In 1584, for example, sixty scholars at Padua‡ took a house, elected a prince and ministers among themselves, and defied the authority of the rector. For a month this seditious assemblage was allowed to continue, making its raids by night in the streets and terrifying all peace-loving inhabitants. At length the town authorities had to come forward to stop their goings on. Ghirardacci tells us another story which illustrates scholastic life at Bologna. It is as follows.

A student, Giacomo da Valenza, "more given to pleasure than to study," at a festival in the cathedral became enamored with the niece of Giovandrea, the most famous law doctor of the day, but she did

not return his affections. Cut to the quick by the slight, and ridiculed by his fellow scholars who knew of his passion, Da Valenza collected together some of his boon companions, entered the professor's house during his absence, and carried off his niece to the lodging of a friend. When Doctor Giovandrea returned, he was exceeding wroth, gathered his friends and his kinsmen together, and attacked the house where his niece was imprisoned. Driven to extremities, Da Valenza and his innamorata made a rapid exit by the back door; but so great was the indignation of the inhabitants of Bologna that he was soon taken and brought up before the municipal authorities. On confession he was condemned to be decapitated next morning at dawn, which sentence was carried out. But the students of Bologna were so indignant at what appeared to them an infringement of their privilege of being tried at their own tribunal, that many of them, together with some of the leading professors, packed up their goods, and went to pursue their studies at Siena.

The privileges enjoyed by the scholastic body form a marked feature in these universities. Firstly came that of special jurisdiction over their own cases; except in case of a grave riot, when they were handed over to the town authorities. The greatest penalty the rector could impose for any crime was *privatio*, or expulsion. Secondly, after attending the university for ten years, the student, licentiate or doctor, as he probably was then, became a citizen of the town, and rejoiced in the name of "son of the people." Thirdly, exemption from military service. Fourthly, freedom from imposts and duties for themselves and families. In 1551 at Padua the wine tax, from which they had never been exempt, was also taken off. This event the students celebrated by a magnificent feast in honor of Bacchus.

In time of famine the students were especially pampered by the town for fear of their leaving, and in Bologna, if a student was robbed by a citizen who could not make good the value of the article purloined, the commune always did so. Debts could not be enforced against them. And in many universities that curious mediæval custom of indirect revenge was in vogue in favor of doctors and scholars, by which an innocent person became responsible for the debts of a relation, if bound to him only by the most distant ties of kinship.

On drawing up the original charter in

\* Fabroni.

† Rufo.

‡ Facciolati.

some of the smaller towns, where of necessity the largest immunities had to be offered in order to attract, some curious clauses were introduced. At Vercelli five hundred of the best houses in the town were placed at the disposition of the professors and students at a very low rental. At Turin\* the annalist gives us a list of several curious customs entered in their charter. All comedians and dancers had to give each syndic of the university eight free passes to the theatre. All mountebanks and quacks had to present each syndic and each beadle with eight vases of their specifics. All wine-shops gave to the same individuals a flask of *acqua vita* and a pound of sweetmeats; the drapers gave a pound of sweetmeats; the pastry-cooks gave a cake on the vigil of Epiphany, whilst the tobacconists had to send a portion of their goods annually to the syndics and beadles. At the first snow the Jews in Turin had to pay twenty-five golden scudi, part of which the law university spent in celebrating the feast of St. Catherine, and the other part the artists lavished on the festival of San Francesco; the drapers likewise had to present to the students annually fifty reams of paper and twelve books.

The students as well as the professors were compelled to wear academic dress, "to go about so dressed as to be distinguished from the other citizens." They wore gowns of black cloth and a cap, according to the statute. Dukes and princes wore the same. So desirous were they of preventing any collision between "town and gown," that at Bologna students were by statute forbidden to enter into friendly relations with the townsfolk, except with the family of the above-mentioned Giovandrea, who, together with his descendants, were exempted from this statute.

There were several institutions equivalent to scholarships at our universities: wealthy professors would leave their fortunes for the training of the indigent young. At Padua private subscriptions were raised for this purpose, and in this town no less than twenty-seven houses were set apart for the benefit of poor students who aimed at gaining academical honors. Each of these houses took the name of its greatest benefactor, and formed a sort of corporate body.

The festivities and amusements of the students were in accordance with the age. Jousts and tournaments were amongst their favorite pastimes. They

were held at fixed times: on the occasion of the election of a rector, on the taking of the highest degree, or *laurea*, and on the arrival amongst them of a celebrated professor. On the feast of Sta. Caterina the lawyers made merry; on that of San Romualdo the medical students enjoyed themselves, subscribing money for the occasion. These religious festivals and convivial meetings were numerous, especially in Carnival time. There was likewise the "orange feast," when the students drove in carts through the town pelting every one with fruit.

In Bologna the Jews were obliged to contribute one hundred and four lire annually to the jurists, and seventy to the artists, for their Carnival festivities, and at the fall of the first snow the students could collect money from the doctors and citizens, but not until the syndic of the university had been assured that snow really had fallen, for on mild winters, when disappointed of their toll, students had been known to fetch snow from the neighboring mountains, and palm it off as having just fallen, whereby many innocent people were taken in. The money thus collected went towards a fund for the painting of portraits, or for statues of the leading professors.\*

University education in those days was by no means expensive, especially at some of the smaller towns, for the commune would subscribe liberally towards the payment of the doctors, and towards the building of the necessary schools. Small fees, some of them optional, were all that a student was expected to pay apart from his lodgings and food; but every student had to pay something for each lecture he attended, hence, apart from their salaries, the professors had ample means of amassing money; they would often sell a lucrative business, and could leave it in their wills. In times of difficulty the extra expenses always fell on the cities. Thus Venice always contributed largely to the maintenance of Padua University, and, when occasion required, obliged her other dependent cities, Bergamo, Verona, etc., to do so also.

Having attended his lectures, and having acquired knowledge sufficient to satisfy his examiners, the student is now prepared to take his degree. The degree of bachelor of arts (*baccelliere*) was ridiculously easy to acquire. After the student had resided a certain time at the university, and had attended a certain

number of lectures, it would be conferred by a professor without examination. At Bologna the mere fact of a student's having read through an entire work in addition to his course of lectures entitled him to the degree. Hence but little merit was attached to it, and unless a student had taken the second degree, the licentiate (*licenziato*), his mental acquirements were rightly considered of no account.

The examination for this degree was formidable enough. In it "they tested the capacity of the candidate," who was called upon to discuss his subject openly before the bishops and professors assembled for the occasion. A candidate for the legal degree had two questions put to him — one on the canon law, the other on Roman law. He was then called upon to read aloud a paper on each before the professors, who argued with the unfortunate candidate, placed pitfalls in his way, and according as he acquitted himself in his answers deemed him worthy of his diploma or not. No competition entered into this system; its sole test was whether a man was equal to take a part in legal debate, and to be a credit to his university and to the world at large.

Having become a licentiate, all academic privileges were open to him. He could teach and receive money for doing so, if anybody could be found to attend his lectures; in fact, many remained licentiates all their lives, dreading the expense attending the highest university degree, namely, that of the *laurea*, which would make him a doctor, and place him on the highest platform of academic fame. Licentiates who thus avoided the doctor's degree were styled by way of joke, *dot-torelli*. As a matter of fact the only privilege they missed was that of wearing a doctor's gown. They had, however, to take an oath never to take the *laurea* at any other university. If so be a licentiate was more than ordinarily successful in his lectures and won a decided reputation, the honor of the *laurea* would be conferred upon him gratuitously; but these were few in number. At Ferrara, for example, two doctors were elected annually at the public expense, one a native and the other a foreigner.

If the licentiate were prepared to take the doctor's degree, he must be content to open his purse-strings. He must have been a certain number of years at the university, ranging according to the statutes from four to seven, and very grand was the *conventus*, or solemnity attending the conferring of this degree. There was

of course an examination; but the licentiate had no fear of this. As before, the professors sat in conclave. Two promoters, as they were called, presented the candidate. These men, says Facciolati, "had to sit at a little distance from him whilst he read his thesis and argued with the doctors, lest they might assist him in his answers."

No special age for taking the doctor's degree was recognized, until a youth named Cervalle once acquired it at seventeen, when the absurdity of so young a man setting up as a professor dawned on the authorities; so a statute was passed by the lawgivers of Bologna, and followed by the other Italian universities, that no one under twenty could take this degree.

The day of taking the *laurea* was one of great festivity for every student whose university career had reached so successful a termination. The ceremony took place in the cathedral, where the bishop, professors, and city magistrates were all assembled. The laureate-elect, mounted on a horse covered with golden trappings, went in person to escort the rector to the cathedral. Everything was *en fête*; the sacred edifice was decorated as on a feast-day. At the porch his promoters met him and escorted him to the professors. A discussion was thereupon opened in the cathedral so that all might hear; but this was a mere form, the subject being the same as that on which he had already been examined. The professors put only questions that they knew he could answer, and his promoters were at hand. Public voting then took place amongst the professors; but this, too, was mere form. Tickets were given to each doctor, with "I approve" on one side, and "I disapprove" on the other, and scarcely ever was it known that a single disapproval was held up.

The result of the election was proclaimed by the chancellor of the university from the steps of the cathedral, and for the rest of the day the town was given up to festivities. What doings they had at Bologna when rich Taddeo received the *laurea*! At his own expense, and in various designs and colors, he dressed all the companies of the city, and called them by fancy names, such as Company of the Rose, the Shield, etc. He kept open table and displayed costly plate. All Bologna was feasted at his cost. Even in early days the waste of money at the *laurea* was so excessive that in 1311 the Pope limited the sum that a man might spend to £500, and Petrarch, who was



very angry with all that he saw of university life in his day, speaks scornfully, as follows :—

A foolish youth comes to the temple to receive the insignia of a doctor's degree, and the professors raise him to that dignity. And out of affectation or by mistake he grows proud, the common people are awestruck, and his relatives and friends applaud him. He, at a given signal, mounts into a doctor's chair, and from this exalted position looks down on everything and everybody, murmuring confused rubbish.

But he was now a doctor, though Petrarch might sneer; and a very enviable position these doctors held in mediæval Italy. If he was a legal doctor his position was above dispute. What a splendid career was open to him if he had real ability! if not, he was nevertheless a man of weight. Even books were written to show how he ought to be approached with fitting signs of respect. If he went abroad he must have a *cortège* of scholars and a beadle to accompany him. If he was disturbed in his studies by a blacksmith's hammer, he could order that son of toil to remove himself to a distance from his dwelling.\* The number of teaching professors in a university differed much, according to the state of the times. At Bologna, in 1451, there were one hundred and seventy. These were subsequently greatly reduced in number; but Nicholas V. raised the number again to what it had been. To the wisdom of a teaching professor of renown every one bowed. Doge Andrea Dandolo of Venice was content to sit and listen to the words of wisdom that flowed from the lips of Doctor Malambra of Padua. Under Malambra's tuition Doge Dandolo himself came to attain the degree of laurea, and Professor Malambra was made a *cavaliere* of the republic of Venice and Count of Palatino.

Nothing could equal the respect and honor paid to the doctors of an Italian university, which arose from the fact that each city was eager to secure for itself a professor with a name. We read how Padua† sent an embassy consisting of their legal rector and fifty scholars to beg the celebrated jurist Campeggi to come to it from Bologna. Often when one republic had occasion to correspond with another they would ask leave to solicit the services of a certain doctor as a mark of friendship.

\* Socini.  
† Faccioliati.

So long as the election of teaching professors rested solely with the scholars, and had its origin in popularity and recognized ability, no difficulties ensued; but when the republics were gradually swallowed up in duchies and principalities, the new rulers took away from the scholars most of their privileges. This was not done, however, without angry scenes in most of the universities. The scholars of Padua, for instance, in 1560, rose and threw their benches out of the windows when the signoria of Venice took away from them the right of electing their teachers. Riots ensued, and there was much bloodshed; but might was on the side of the government, and the scholars had to succumb.

The loss of this power of self-administration marked the first step in the decadence of the Italian universities. The princes of Italy were undoubtedly great patrons of the arts and sciences, loving to have the best professors at their courts. Nevertheless at the same time they demanded servile adulation and implicit obedience to their will; consequently learned men degenerated into mere time-serving courtiers. Even Tasso and Ariosto based their best poems on the heroic deeds of the forefathers of their patrons. The healthy vitality which had sprung up in universities like those of Bologna, Padua, Pisa, etc., was fast ebbing away.

Enormous sums of money would be amassed by a celebrated doctor in the days of academic prosperity. To retain his services a university would give him almost any terms he liked to ask. Taddeo, of the Florentine university, Villani tells us, was the most reputed medical man of his day. He was deemed a second Hippocrates, and summoned by the rich to all parts of Italy. The pope fell ill and sent for him; when asked his fee, Taddeo claimed one hundred ducats a day, at which the invalid pope remonstrated. Taddeo was firm, told stories of what large sums other princes had given him, and hinted at stinginess on the part of his Holiness. The pope recovered from his sickness, and, "to purge from himself all suspicion of avarice," he sent Taddeo no less than ten thousand ducats. The doctor was a man of pious intent, and spent this splendid fortune on the erection of a church.

The university of Modena gave Suzzara twenty-two hundred and fifty lire and a piece of land in their district on condition that he would live amongst them for his



life. Suzzara accepted the gifts, but the annals of his life show that he did not stick to his part of the bargain, for he wandered from place to place amassing wealth, and died far away from Modena. Suzzara was a man who extremely loved dress, great professor though he was; he is reproachfully alluded to by a fellow-doctor thus: "Men of science should not go about in silken robes covered with colored embroidery, such as Suzzara used to wear."

Again, Professor Baldo spent a wandering life, in spite of an oath to remain in one university. He taught for thirty-three years in his native Perugia, and then passed six years at the Florentine university; from thence he went for three years to Bologna, for one to Pisa, for three to Padua, and for ten to Pavia, where he died worth a large sum of money. This moving to and fro was a curious feature in Italian university life, for not only did the professors travel, but they were followed by most of their devoted scholars who at the time were being instructed by them; thus the departure of a celebrated professor meant a regular exodus from the place they left, and a signal for great rejoicings when they arrived at their proposed destination. Not only the cities but the popes and emperors gave to the professors large gifts—to our friend Giovandrea of Bologna Pope John XXII. gave a feudal estate—and in their old age they were well looked after.

Despite the respect paid to them and their exalted position, the doctors were but as other men, actuated by love of gain; consequently gain accrued to them more and more. One of their great sins was that of lending money at usury to the scholars, thereby securing a heavy rate of interest, and at the same time the attendance of the scholars at their lectures. Professor Guglielmo Orsi lent to two Spanish scholars thirty lire\* on agreement that they should come to his lectures, the scholars promising to return the same with interest when the course was finished or if any public outcry was made. So great was the desire for fame as a teacher that an ignorant doctor would give money to a popular one for material and for the promise to send some of his pupils to him. Sometimes a conscience-stricken doctor would write to the pope for absolution for such sins as these. Pope Nicholas IV. sent one to Professor Francesco Accursius, as well for himself

as for his father, provided they would promise to abandon these base practices and lend money on usury no more.

These learned professors would also from time to time be guilty of plagiarism. A medical man, Dino del Garbo,\* secretly bought the MSS. of Torrigiani, then lately deceased, and commenced to give out this material as his own; but some of Torrigiani's pupils discovered the fraud and exposed him, so that he had to leave Florence for very shame. Card-playing and gambling were tempting vices to these learned men in their idle hours. The jurist Bassiano had to pawn the clothes off his back † to meet the liabilities he had thus incurred.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the relationship which existed between teacher and pupil in the Middle Ages. The student, as we have seen, had the free choice of any lecture or subject he liked, and a professor rose to fame or sank into oblivion by the sole judgment of his pupils; hence when a teacher had acquired popularity, the worship bestowed on him was enormous. This bond of union was entirely severed when the princes elected the professors, and the pupils were obliged to make the best of them.

The scholars called their professor *dominus*, he called them *socii*. His lectures were delivered in a friendly way; he unreservedly told all he knew on his subject. From time to time he would introduce episodes and experiences in his own career, and now and again he would indulge in a hearty joke, which excited roars of applause amongst his admiring pupils. The students wrote down in a book all that fell from the lips of the master. Great care was taken of these volumes; they were handsomely bound, adorned with monograms, as we have seen already, and then circulated amongst their friends to spread the fame of their preceptor; and now these old MS. volumes in some of the university libraries of Italy are interesting, as giving us an insight into the studies and acquirements of mediæval young men. Undergraduates of this nineteenth century could show no commonplace books of the like pretensions.

Bartolo, himself a celebrated jurist, was wont in his lectures to give pretty tokens of remembrance to his master. Thus he would ramble on: "A *frate* of Assisi, thank God for his doctrine, enabled me

Sarti.

\* Villani.

† Savigny.

to enter at fourteen the university of Perugia, where I made such good advance under Cino that, thanks to his perseverance, at twenty-one I was enabled to take my laurea."

Without the consent of their dear scholars many doctors would not take preferment. Doctor Guglielmo Gosio of Bologna was offered the lordship of Ancona for assisting that town against Venice, but he declined to accept it without his pupils' consent. This was willingly given, and Gosio accordingly repaired to Ancona; but his heart sickened there for his pupils and his books; so ere long he returned to Bologna, and was met by the scholars outside the city gate almost wild with joy. Their love for their instructors almost amounted to infatuation. Students of those days were in the habit of writing poems and touching epigrams on the talents of their masters: no wonder if the latter sometimes got puffed up with pride. In 1429 Filelfo, a jurist, left Bologna to take up his residence at Florence accompanied by his scholars. All the Florentines came out to meet him as he approached, and Cosmo de' Medici went often in person to visit him. Writing to a friend at Bologna, Filelfo said, "All the city had their eyes turned on me; all love me, all honor me and praise me highly; my name is on the lips of all. . . . My scholars are nearly four hundred daily, most of high and senatorial rank." A professor whose success in teaching had not been satisfactory would leave his books, buckle on his sword, become a valiant soldier, or assist in governing the State. Judges, *podestà*, ecclesiastics of note, all came from the ranks of the doctors. So revered were they that a holiday was given in the university on the day of the funeral of any one of them, and the schools were closed. When Azone of Bologna died, the opening of the schools was put off from St. Luke's Day to All Saints, in token of the deepest grief.

The memory of Azone's doings and sayings was much treasured by his pupils. On one occasion he disguised himself, and went to hear the lecture of Barsiano, a much older man than himself and of equal repute. When the time for discussion arose—for listeners in Italy might always argue with the lecturer—Azone put such telling questions to the professor that he quite confounded him in argument. Instead of being insulted when the deception was made known, Barsiano got down from his seat, embraced Azone, and asked him to dinner.

"Azone," Sarti says, in his conclusion of his life, "said he never felt ill except in the vacation, and sure enough in the vacation time he died."

Having now seen the position of honor held by a doctor of the first order, we will glance at some of the points in the system which made the doctors what they were, and which entitled them in a measure to the position they held. The secret of it all lay in the public disputes at which the doctors were obliged to argue with one another. Each doctor in the larger universities had his *concorrente*, or regularly appointed opponent in argument to stimulate his energies, and disputing clubs were opened for these debates, at which the scholars were present. They always took place on vacation days, and were attended with great ceremony; the scholastic body, the rector, the officers of the university, accompanied the victorious disputant in triumphal procession to his house on his return home.

The disputes were usually held in the evening, and every one had to attend on pain of a fine. Several days before the event the subject for discussion was given out, so that the scholars might come primed with questions which they could ask; the doctors solved them as best they could, and wrangled amongst themselves. These mediæval disputes were animated scenes, lasting oftentimes far into the night. In Baldo's life we learn how for five hours at a stretch he disputed with his old master, Bartolo, and came off victorious; and then a beadle of Pisa complained thus: "They were growing heated in argument, and jousting with their literary arms until far into the night; but as one o'clock struck they brought the debate to a conclusion." These disputes, like our modern debating societies, formed schools for orators; without a certain measure of success at them, few chose to become teaching professors; to be chained to a *concorrente*, and forever to be set down by him, was too galling to be endured.

Sometimes these disputes led to violent scenes; in fact, whilst forming one of the essential causes of the success of Italian universities, they contained at the same time inherent elements of weakness. If beaten in argument, a doctor not unfrequently sought revenge outside the club-room. Fabroni tells us how an unfortunate master of logic, Antonio Rosato, at Pisa, was pursued and threatened with death by his competitor, so that he had to have recourse to the municipal officers with the following quaint appeal:—

Magnificent lords, I believe you have heard how master John di Biagio, of Pietra Santa, a year ago wounded my brother with two very severe wounds. Now this man has been for eight days past and is to-day placed by the school of S. Niccolà with arms in his hands for the purpose of assassinating me, which design would certainly have been successful if I had not run up into the bell-tower, for I was entirely unarmed, and Master Ludovico and Master Marciano were there, and some other scholars. On this account I will not read my additional lectures on logic until you come to some determination in the case; and it appears wonderful to me that having injured him by neither word or deed, he should try to kill me. Farewell. Pisa, 7 Dec. 1484.

Cases of this kind are frequently on record—some used threats to keep a clever doctor from disputing, whilst others employed injurious sarcasms; but generally the university stepped in, and the doctor of inferior ability was speedily sent to the rightabout. Even with death the doctors sometimes would not bring their wrangling to a close. Martinio Gosio left orders in his will that his body should be interred on the opposite side of the church to that on which his antagonist Bulgaro was buried.

From these facts it will appear what nests of dispute these old Italian universities were. If, indeed, the examinations were not competitive, competition was nevertheless an element in every branch of life. Jealousy between students of different nationalities, the ever vexed questions of the precedence of the jurists over the artists, the doctors' disputes, and the rivalry which existed between professors, were the most prominent features, which Petrarch, the greatest man in Italy, treated with bitter scorn. Often was he asked to lecture at the universities, but he always refused, preferring isolation to a notoriety which brought with it so much bitterness of feeling.

The smaller universities, such as Vercelli, Piacenza, Urbino, Macerata, etc., were the first to give way; they existed only by giving extravagant license to the students. So when the princes came, they saw fit to reduce these smaller universities to the position of preparatory schools for the formation of material for their more favored abodes of science.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century foreign students ceased to come to study in Italy; universities north of the Alps satisfied every requirement for knowledge, and this marks the downfall of the old system. The republican spirit, so rife in the Middle Ages in Italy, had in-

fused itself into the academic bodies. This was all gone now; little despots stamped out all landmarks of ancient freedom of thought, and foremost amongst them were the liberties of the universities.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Good Words.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### LADY THWAITE'S LAST PRANK.

SPRING had come, with violets and daffodils adorning the anniversary of the time when Sir William Thwaite had taken possession of Whitehills.

Iris Compton had been spending the morning with Lucy Acton at the rectory, had remained to luncheon, and was walking back alone to Lambford. She had always been fond of country walks, like most healthy, happy English girls, but after she had grown up, Lady Fermor laid certain restrictions on her granddaughter. Unless she had Lucy Acton or some other companion with her, Iris must be content to confine her expeditions to the park, or the Lambford woods, or the home farm.

Latterly Iris had been only too willing to comply with the obligation. The truth was she had an almost morbid terror of meeting Sir William or Lady Thwaite, as she heard of them now, when they had become the scandal of the parish. "I should feel as if I must die of shame if I saw him as they say he is often to be seen now. And what if she were to come up and speak to me? I could not refuse to answer, and what should I say?"

This day showed an exception to Iris's usual habits, for Lucy Acton had been unexpectedly prevented from bearing her friend company on the road between the rectory and Lambford. However, the way did not lead past any of the Whitehill's gates, and the afternoon was perhaps the least likely time for awkward encounters. Still Iris quickened her pace in the slight spring mist which was beginning to descend upon the pastures, with their daisies and marsh-marigolds, their colts and lambs. But though the mist might strike human beings as lending a touch of dimness and sadness to the spring landscape, it did not so much as subdue the larks carolling in the hazy air,

or the rooks hovering over the equally lazy earth.

Iris started a little, scolding herself for her folly, when she saw a man's figure turn the corner of the hedgerow—on which, as in autumn, thousands of floating gossamers were softening the sharp outlines of the boughs. The man was walking steadily along on his proper business, no doubt. He was a biggish fellow, young and active by his gait, carrying nothing save a whip in the hand, with which he was carelessly cutting at the hedge. As he drew near Iris, she recognized that he was a groom from some of the neighboring country houses, apparently going an errand on foot.

Iris did not look at the man again till he left the footpath to make way for her. Then some intangible peculiarity in the air and gait of the young man in buskins, with the dark frock-coat and the cockade on his hat, caused her to look up suddenly in his face, while her heart began to throb violently.

The man was seeking to push past Iris, while at the same time he pulled out a handkerchief, and buried his face in it, as if in preparation for a sneeze or cough. The movement did not conceal the poppy-red which rose and burnt through the brown skin of the cheeks up to the rim of the hat, or stifle a noise of sobbing, or giggling, or both, that had become audible.

Iris had not a moment left to think that one of the meetings she dreaded had come to pass, but so oddly and incomprehensibly that natural instinct got the victory. She caught the retreating figure by the arm and clutched it. If the person thus stopped had exerted any force, the interruption could have easily been brought to an end; but something stayed the strong, rough arm, and after the slightest struggle its owner stood motionless, while Iris cried out in her trouble, "Honor! Lady Thwaite! why are you in this absurd dress? What are you going to do? Surely this is the height of indiscretion."

"What do it matter to you how I dress, Miss Compton?" Honor tried to answer with hard defiance. "You ain't a friend of mine. You would not own me or come nigh me. What does it signify to you whether I'm mad or not? Let me go."

"No; since we have met, not till you tell me where you are going in this outrageous guise; whether Sir William—your husband knows," gasped Iris.

"What business have you or any other woman to come 'tween me and my husband? to seek to know our affairs? No,

I'm obliged to you for desiring to satisfy your curiosity, but if you don't take off your hand I'll be forced to free myself, and I don't want to hurt you."

"I know you don't," said Iris, pressing close to the desperate woman, instead of drawing away from her. "You were fond of me, long ago. We were both fond of each other, if we had been suffered to grow up friends. You came to me with your little presents—I was thinking of one last night, bunches of dry sea-grapes, that I might put them into my fire and hear them go off like a succession of small shots—don't you remember? They were all given for such a little service. I, a child, was amazed at your generosity. Oh! Lady Thwaite, it is not curiosity; it is not even a spirit of interference; but, indeed, you don't know, you can't guess, what people will think and say if they see you like this."

"I don't care what they say; let 'em. I am sorry—a little—that you should think bad of me, but for the rest of the world they may think and say what they please," said Honor scornfully, in spite of a little softening to begin with, as she switched the hedge with the whip in her disengaged hand.

"But Sir William will care. Men—the best of them—cannot stand harm said of the women who are near and dear to them," pleaded Iris.

"You seem to know," said Lady Thwaite, taking refuge in insolence, and tossing her head till she had nearly lost her chimney-pot hat. "But I've always said I ain't any man's slave, and what is more, I ain't going to be. I don't believe he minds; and what right have he to meddle when I don't set eyes upon him for nigh a week at a time, because he is living in one alehouse or another, sitting swilling ale or brandy with all the low raff he can find to drink with him at his expense, making a sot of hisself worse than a brute beast? What do you think of that, Miss Compton, in a man as boasted of your acquaintance once on a day?"

"I think it is the saddest, most terrible story I have ever known," said Iris, with a shudder and eyes full of grief and horror. "But will it mend the wrong for you to be so reckless?"

"I ain't doing anything so far amiss," asserted Lady Thwaite sullenly; "I have only helped myself to Bill Rogers's best suit for a change and a bit of a lark in my dull life. Being a lady—even when a woman can do as she likes, and ain't yoked to a gentleman, or bothered by

gentlefolks' notice—don't turn out the fun it promised. Life at Hawley Scrub were a deal livelier and fuller of things happening. Bill won't heed my making free with his clothes—even his best groom's suit; he ain't an unfriendly chap, except that he's stuck up with solemn notions of duty, and full of starch of manners, and nonsense. If it had been anybody save you, miss, I would have challenged him or her to deny that I set off a groom's livery," insisted Lady Thwaite, with a jaunty pose of her fine figure and handsome face. "I'm cocksure you never would have knowed me from a man, if summat had not possessed you to stare right into my face. It ain't the first time I've guised in men's clothes, though I did it for a purpose then, and I did not try it on in broad daylight before. Women has done it sometimes, Miss Compton, you know, and run off to sea or to the wars before the trick was discovered; but there ain't no such luck in store for me, and this ain't the right rig, or a very good fit neither. Bill ain't my build, I'm nearer Will's."

She stopped abruptly. She had been running on in flippant chatter, while Iris stood looking at her in piteous wonder. Now when the truant turned her head aside, Iris spoke again still more firmly. "I believe you are wearing this coat today for a purpose, Lady Thwaite. It cannot be a good purpose. I beseech you to stop before it is too late."

"There ain't no use in stopping," said Honor doggedly. "You cannot prevent me doing my will. But I'll tell you the truth of my own accord, since you seem to care what becomes of me, which others as might, don't no longer. He's been at home and asleep all the morning, and he'll get up as cross as a bear afore he goes off again. But I've stole a march upon him," with a shade of triumph and cunning in her tone. "He forgot hisself the last time we had words—which were no farther gone than late last night, and swore he would lock me up if I went near Guild's folk again. It were Satan reproving sin, after the company he has been keeping. I will see every Guild—man and woman if I like, for the sake of one as bore the name and worshipped the ground I trod on, instead of taking me up and casting me down, and being ashamed of me like a stuck-up, fine gentleman, for all he pretended to be one of the people. I was afeard he might be about by this time and see me from his winder, or the terrace, and give chase, and demean his-

self to lift his hand to a woman, though I don't take no pride in belonging to the weaker sex. I ain't entitled to. I'm as strong as most men, but Will is more than my match. So I borrowed Bill's toggery without leave, and now I am bound either for Guild's cottage, where they'll take me in however I like to come, and make me as bad as theirselves I dare say—but they will not look down on me; or maybe I'll go to Hawley Scrub, as the fancy takes me. I were always a fanciful lass, if you'll believe me. Father's from home over at Birkett; but the pond's there where Will and me first set eyes on each other, after I had drawed him out. It will take me in too, never fear, and make no words about it, and there will be none to pull me out. What do you say to that, Miss Compton?" with a more desperate gleam in her grey eyes.

"I say never, Honor," cried Iris, tightening her clasp on the woman with the heaving breast under the man's coat. "What! you have still some feeling for your husband, I believe you love him in your inmost soul, and you would lay *that* on him—his and your shame, with a separation worse than if you were dead? Or you would fling your death at his door and bring the crime of murder to sit on his pillow. I would rather suffer the cruelest injury, I would sooner die a thousand innocent deaths in obedience to God's summons, than rush into his presence uncalled for and unprepared. Oh, woman, how could you think for an instant of doing such wrong?"

Honor flinched at the cry, her flashing eyes fell, her hand shook, she writhed uneasily in Iris's hold. "Don't be so hard on me, Miss Compton," she protested; "I ain't given to thinking. I was wild with him and myself, and I just did the first thing that came into my head. But I didn't mean to hurt him like that. What can I do? It is past help now," she said with returning recklessness. "I'll go my ways where nobody will ever find me, and nobody will know whether I'm dead or alive, and what's more, nobody will care, unless it may be father, in a sort."

"That is not true," said Iris. "I should care; Sir William would care most of all. He did care for you and chose you and went out of his place to marry you. I need not fear to offend you by saying it, for everybody knows it, you among the rest, and it should soften instead of hardening your heart, and make you proud instead of angry. I dare say you have



tried him, though you might not always know it or mean it, and he has tried you. But though there is strife between you and miserable wrong and trouble, there is not the worst so that neither can forgive and forget — so that you may not go back to him and both think better of it and be happy yet," pleaded Iris, with the great tenderness and charity which have in them something of the divine.

Lady Thwaite's heart melted in its perversity, and it was with a groan she said, flinging down the whip and striking her hands together, "I can't — I can't. Happiness ain't for him and me. I daren't face him like this; he's mad now when he's roused. I put on Bill Rogers's clothes half for a lark, half to finish our misery somehow. You do be good and kind, but I have seen how you looked when you knowed me. You belong to the gentlefolks, and Will is part gentleman in spite of hisself. I can tell now how he'll take it. I'll not witness his hate and disgust — that is what it has come to — neither will I ax him to forgive me; it ain't in me. I can't go back."

"Yes, you can; for his sake if not for your own. It is his and your last chance; I am sure of it. I will go back with you. I am not frightened for his anger. We are not far from Whitehills, and I shall still get home to Lambford without keeping grandmamma waiting."

The brave soul made a hasty little practical calculation, which was by no means uncalled for.

Lady Thwaite was still more shaken in her mind by Miss Compton's magnanimous offer. Little as Honor knew, she was sensible, not only that Iris Compton was in the deepest earnest, but that she must feel convinced the fate, for life and death, of two of her fellow-mortals hung in the balance, before she made the proposal.

"It would make a sight of difference," Honor allowed hesitatingly, "if the likes of you showed you didn't mind being seen with me, in what was either a poor bit of a frolic, or a fit of moonstruck madness, I can't rightly tell which it were myself. If you did me the honor — I know it is an honor, though I ben't mannerly — of bearing me company, and calling at Whitehills, he might change his tune, for I know he thought a deal of you, though you gave him the sack — served him right," exclaimed Honor hotly. "What call had he to even hisself to you, who weren't his price at no hand? He were like me and my folk — he could tell that when he came

to his senses; and he never let your name pass his lips save once after he drew up with me. But it do seem mean like to let you, as is a real lady, lower yourself for them that ain't worth it."

Lady Thwaite still hung back, her better nature reasserting itself.

"Never mind me; I am not lowering myself; and you are worth — every human creature is worth, oh! how infinitely more in God's sight!" urged Iris, fearing the loss of the advantage she had gained. "Come, Lady Thwaite," she went on, as if she were impatient to go, "we have no time to spare. You can understand that I must not keep Lady Fermor waiting dinner."

"And you are in a mighty haste in case anybody should come along the road and light on we two, and me in a man's clothes," said Lady Thwaite a little sarcastically, even while she turned and walked with a curious mixture of affront, humility, and pettishness beside Iris.

"I confess I am," said Iris frankly; and her candor was another point in favor of her suit.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, miss," said Lady Thwaite more briskly, when they had gone a little way. "If my master ain't about, we'll go round by one of them side doors, or by one of them ground-floor winders, as is often left open handy, and I'll slip in, and nobody will be the wiser. If Bill have missed his best clothes, he won't peach on me, I know, and I'll promise you afore we part, Miss Compton, I'll not go a-larking no more. I'll try, as sure as death I'll try, to stay more at home, though a great empty house, and a man brought home like a log or a bull of Bashan, ain't much of an inducement to keep house, which I weren't used to, and didn't pretend to; and he knowed it before he married me. But I'll not provoke him more than I can help, and maybe he'll grow steadier with the summer, and the fishing, and the shooting season all coming on."

"I hope it with all my heart," said Iris fervently; but she stopped short at the same time, and stood with her fine little head held up. "If I go with you, Lady Thwaite, you shan't steal into your husband's house, by a back door or an open window, like a thief or a dog. You'll go in by the principal entrance and the hall, in the most open way; and you'll walk straight to Sir William if he is at home. I shall be at your elbow to bear you out in your tale, or to speak for you, if you won't or can't do it for yourself. It is not much you will have to say. 'I went out



on a foolish frolic because I was very unhappy, too unhappy to know well what I was about; but I soon found how silly and wrong I had been. I have come back at once to tell you all about it, if you will listen to me, and to ask you to pardon me, for we all need pardon, erring as we do every hour of our lives." Surely that is not very hard to say?"

Honor bit her lips, and plucked at the buttons on her coat, but she made no farther opposition.

The strange couple walked quickly in the direction of Whitehills. They were fortunate in meeting few wayfarers; none recognized Lady Thwaite in her masquerade. Of those who guessed Iris's identity nobody was disengaged or sharp enough to think it odd that Miss Compton should walk with a groom behind her. For Honor fell a pace or two back when the first two-legged animal came in sight, and determinedly kept the second rank till they both reached their destination.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## BEAUTY AT THE FEET OF THE BEAST.

It was thus that Iris entered the great gates of Whitehills again. She was under too severe a strain, too far carried out of herself, to notice, as Colonel Bell and his companions had been quick to observe, the gradual but sure growth of dilapidation, of indifference and neglect, which would soon amount to declared war against every manifestation of the orderly and beautiful. In the whole history of Whitehills, stretching back to the Norman invasion, a more apparently ill-matched pair never drew near the manor-house—the slender gentlewoman with the child-like, flower-like face, in her quiet grey serge walking-dress, the vision of whom, including her perfect womanly kindness, had once burst like a revelation on Sir William, and the groom, who looked so odd and incongruous from the moment he drew back and drooped his head with something of a hang-dog air.

The hall door stood open, Iris went in and paused for her companion to take the lead. "You must show the way in your own house, Lady Thwaite."

Thus spurred on, however gently, Honor started forward with a muttered, "As I'm in for it, the sooner it's over the better." She made a dash through a side passage and turned the handle of a closed door. It was that of the comfortless, unhomely room which she had made the living-room of herself and her husband.

Iris had no time or power to make comparisons. Yet she received a general impression of the shabbiness and sluttishness of the room, contrasted as it was in the background of her imagination with the spacious width and gentle breeding of the entrance hall, the library, and the drawing-room with its broad and deep lights and shadows, its Sir Joshuas, its Flemish carved chimneypiece.

Sir William was sitting lollying and smoking over the unremoved relics of a meal which had been breakfast and dinner in one. His features were swollen and blurred, his fine eyes like burnt-out fires; yet he did not look so much bloated, as ghastly with the fierce pursuit of fiery oblivion and an untimely end. He stared in a puzzled, stupid way at the semblance of Bill Rogers, who was not Bill; but who else he was Sir William could not at the moment tell; and when he looked past the groom and recognized Iris Compton standing there, he started to his feet, pulled the pipe from his mouth and stared wildly, with a recoil like that of a man who sees a visitant from another world and cannot bear the unnatural contact, but is ready to cry as of old, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man."

Then Iris spoke for Lady Thwaite almost word for word as she had dictated, except that she had to say one sentence on her own behalf, to account for her presence there: "I have come with Lady Thwaite, Sir William; I trust you will forgive the intrusion;" as she spoke she caught Honor again by the sleeve, and, letting her hand slip down, clasped in her slim white fingers the brown fist already clenched in swelling mortification and rising wrath.

His brow grew black, as full intelligence returned to him. "Did she—that creature aping a man—dare to ask you to plead for her?" he growled out.

"No, Sir William. I met your wife by chance, I knew her even in that absurd dress and hailed her. She and I were old friends. I begged her to give up a foolish, it might be a fatal, adventure—I offered to go back with her and speak to you. It was all my doing," said Iris steadily.

"Then, Miss Compton," he cried, flinging out his hand as if to part the two, "you are nigh as idiotic as she is. Why don't Lady Fermor take care of you, since you can't look after yourself? Do you know what that woman there has been doing, and what sort she is, when you stand there clasping hands with her? Do you know

what this house has grown to? What I am? What I was before I ever saw you? a low dog of a drunken, riotous soldier under sentence of the lash like the brute I was and am."

Iris became as pale as death, but she did not move. It was Lady Thwaite who snatched her hand away and darted forward, crying out, "Will, you shall never belie and shame yourself in my hearing, and I not contradict you, look on me as you may. What although the pig-headed fools wanted to lash you, it was them as were the brutes and not you." She was without her hat, and her abundant hair, which had been tucked up in its crown, had fallen down, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, her white teeth showing. She looked no longer like the mockery of a man, but like a beautiful wild Amazon. Before he knew what she was about, she had thrown herself upon his neck and dragged down his collar. "See, Miss Compton, if that ain't the scar of a brave soldier, as fought his country's battles, and deserved more from her than he ever got. And there is the mark of a bullet wound in his breast as took a close shave of his lungs, and of another sword-cut across his arm which he had when he was carrying out wounded men under fire. Though the authorities had done what they wanted, and scored his young back with base lashes, I know you'll never think they could have scored out them honorable marks, as he'll bear to the day of his death."

"Hold off, Honor—shut up, woman; what have you to do with me and my scratches?" said Sir William hoarsely as he shook himself free, but the voice was less strident, the action less violent. There was relenting in his impatience and confusion in his face.

"Yes, I know," said Iris, and though her voice shook the tone was yet clear and sweet. "Whatever you two have come through, or done, however low you have been brought, he has been a gallant soldier, a brave and true man, and you are a generous woman. Oh! then, then why will you die?" she broke down a little, and in spite of herself the tears began to stream from her eyes, so that she put up her hands to hide them.

"Don't, miss, don't," implored Lady Thwaite.

"For mercy's sake don't, Miss Compton," besought Sir William. "She ought not to have brought you here. She does not always know what she is doing, poor wretch, any more than I do myself. We

must get you out of this here at once. Don't cry for the like of us."

"And what though I cried my eyes out?" protested Iris indignantly and despairingly, letting her hands fall from her wet face. "What would it matter? a poor, weak, selfish girl like me? Do you not believe I would do anything—anything in the world, that I would kneel down to you and beg you to suffer yourselves to be saved, if that would do any good? But to think that the wisdom of all the ages has come down to enlighten us, and the blood of the holiest has been shed to purify us, and we may have God if we will and heaven for the asking, and we will not! We may rise above our dull, miserable selves, and our evil companions and sin-stained dwellings to the home and the company of our Maker and Father and Saviour, and of the angels and all the just and gentle who ever breathed and struggled and conquered before us. But we turn our backs and choose to sink into even deeper defilement, till we perish here, whatever divine pity may do for us yonder. Oh! it is pitiable, terrible! God have mercy on our horrible ingratitude, stubbornness, and unbelief." She stood wringing her hands in the bitterness of her heart, associating herself with her hearers, reproaching herself as if she were the greatest sinner of all.

Lady Thwaite drew aside, touched, tamed, trembling a little as if she were under the influence of a half-comprehended spell. But Sir William was shaken to the very centre of his moral being. He too stood silent for a few seconds opposite Iris, with his head bent, his arms hanging down and the sweat drops gathering on his forehead. Then he spoke low but distinctly in spite of the thrill and vibration of great agitation.

"Miss Compton, I gave a promise to my sister Jen, the bravest, faithfulest woman that ever lived, save one like her. My sister was but a poor woman who had done for me all my life. She was lying on her dying bed, dying of her last hard fight to serve me. She asked but one favor which I was fain to grant, that I should never again touch the drink which took away my wits. You know what my word has been worth, but if you will take it at its lowest value, I'll give it once more, and God help me to keep it. I am aware of what I am saying and doing, and I know that I have fallen back to the mouth of the pit, that I have raised anew a devil and clothed it with my very flesh so that it can thirst and crave, and mad-

den and sicken me, to loose my grip. But if there is any of the man left in me, if God has not forsaken me utterly, I'll rise and throttle my enemy, thinking of your tears and prayers."

"Think of something a whole earth and heaven higher," she cried; "think of him on the blood-stained cross, and of the God-man on the great white throne."

"I was taught the story when I was a little chap by Jen," he said. "I was not bred an ignorant heathen, the more guilt and shame to me. But, Miss Compton, a saint may help a sinner to read between the lines of his Bible and understand his Maker's ways, so the thought of you may help me. As for poor Honor there, she was never a woman given over to drink as I have been. If I led you to think it of her, I deceived you unknowingly. My head is in a whirl and I was never a speechifier—not great at words even when my heart was in my mouth. I want you to hear me say before her that I believe I have had little patience with her from the beginning. I am sure I was mortal hard upon her after I took to drink again."

"That's enough, Will, more than enough," cried Honor passionately. "I hate to hear you accusing of yourself—I won't have it—you may do it to me but not to another, and you know I ain't all that I should be myself, I ain't good as gold like her there—every inch of her."

"Then we must clear her out of this the first thing, that will be better than blessing her for entering our doors," he said, leaving the room.

The moment Iris's errand was done and the strain on her relaxed, though she was convinced she had acted rightly, and felt humbly thankful that she had done it, she began to realize the awkwardness of the situation, standing in that room, beside the strange woman shrinking now in the man's clothes she had borrowed, even without the account to be rendered to Lady Fermor which stared Iris in the face all the time. She was sensible Sir William was right, and that she should be gone.

Lady Thwaite would have asked Iris to take some refreshment, but the hostess did not know how to make the request, at such a time to such a guest. With a quick perception of the difficulty, Iris went to the table, took up a biscuit, and began to eat. "I had luncheon at the rectory, but I am too late for afternoon tea at home. No, thanks; you must not get fresh tea or coffee for me, Lady Thwaite;

this biscuit will do perfectly. I must go at once, to be in time for dinner."

In the mean time the spring mist had so condensed as to be falling down in drizzling rain.

"I don't mind it, I assure you," Iris asserted. "I have an umbrella; I am accustomed to be out in wet weather, and it does not hurt me. We are quite near." She hardly knew what she was saying.

Sir William came back at that moment to tell her he had ordered the carriage, and Bill Rogers would see her home. He did not offer her either his escort or his wife's. When it came to the mention of Bill, whom she had personified, Lady Thwaite had just enough perception to turn scarlet, and make a quick retreat to avoid meeting her double, in her husband's and Miss Compton's presence; or lest any of the other servants should catch a glimpse of her ladyship in her odd garments before their master and the first "real lady" who had crossed the threshold since its mistress came to Whitehills.

Sir William went with Iris to the hall door. "Miss Compton," he said, "whatever may come of this, it ain't words that can make a fit acknowledgment for what you've sought to do to-day; words are idle. Only God can reward you, though he may well have forsaken me, and he may not listen even when I call down blessings on your head."

"God never forsakes," she said. "A mother may forget her child, but he will not forsake. God bless you and Honor, your wife, Sir William."

He hesitated whether to leave Bill as beyond comparison the worthier of the two men, to put her into the carriage, but she ended the doubt, which she had not guessed, by holding out her hand to Sir William.

She drove away in the clouding-over afternoon, as she had disappeared in the gathering darkness on the first evening that he had heard of her existence—the polar star of his life, which had come so near and yet gone so far from him.

Something of the glory of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice was still kindling up Iris's little face, though it blanched visibly every moment before the anticipated encounter with Lady Fermor; something of the glow of that noblest enthusiasm which for the time breaks down social barriers was yet bracing her nerves and warming her heart, when she alighted before the hall door at Lambford, and stood a moment to thank Bill. "You are

William, our little housemaid's brother," she said brightly. "Jenny is a good girl and a good servant, and so I am sure are you. Such servants are beyond price. Let me thank you again, and say how sorry I am for bringing you out and getting you wet."

Bill louted low like an ancient squire. "You have nothing to thank me for, miss," he managed to say. "It would have been a rare pleasure to sit on the box, with such as you inside, though it had been raining cats and dogs, which it is only a spring shower that don't hurt a bit. But if I might make bold and take the liberty, I would thank you, miss, and so would everybody as cares for as good a master as ever lived, and nobody's enemy but his own, to this day; and a mistress that ain't anything like right-down wicious, bless you, only restless and full of jibbing and bolting, because she weren't ever broken in or trained to go in harness. If you will forgive me, miss, for saying so much, since Jenny has told me the kind young lady you are, you may care to hear what a comfort it is to a stupid block as ain't much good, to find the likes of you showing mercy and holding out your hand to his betters."

Iris did not preach what she would not practise. She carried the head that was beginning to ache, and the heart to flutter, and the little white face where they would meet no pity from Lady Fermor.

The old woman, in her shawls and wraps, was already in the dining-room, sitting at the head of the table, though the second dinner-bell had not rung. She had been fuming over Iris's unusually prolonged absence, and had stolen a march upon her in order to convict her of being too late. Lady Fermor was in an additional wrath with the cook for not having the dinner ready before the appointed hour. "Good heavens, child! where have you been?" she demanded angrily. "I thought you had run away, and upon my word you look like it; only," she added cynically, "when the members of our family run away they are not like the lost halfpenny—they never come back again."

"I am very sorry I have made you anxious, grandmamma. I am glad you have not waited for me," began Iris a little breathlessly.

"If you think I was anxious about your white kitten's face you are very much mistaken. I was only anxious for our credit, which, being brittle ware, needs to be carefully handled. No, I have not

waited for you; why should I? But where have you been dawdling? Out with it. A lad would have spoken at once, and though he had been at more mischief, at least it would have been in manly scrapes, not wretched girlish trifling and pottering."

"I was at Whitehills."

"At Whitehills! Are you crazy?" cried Lady Fermor incredulously.

"No. I went there with Lady Thwaite."

"Lady Thwaite! What! has she returned? I thought she was still in Rome. And what the dickens did she mean by carrying you there? To cloak her own hypocrisy and greed in going into low company. Of course, I should have forbidden it if anybody had thought it worth while to ask my leave. It was the height of impertinence in Lady Thwaite to take you anywhere without getting my consent. Iris, you are even sillier and more stupid than I could have imagined you. I must bestir myself in my old age and tie you to my apron-string."

"I was not with that Lady Thwaite," said Iris, with dry lips; "not with your Lady Thwaite, Sir John's widow; she has not come home that I know of. I was with Sir William's wife."

"Girl!" exclaimed Lady Fermor, striking the table with her closed hand, and said no more.

"Grandmamma, I could not help it. I met her as I was coming home from the rectory. I knew her though she was in man's clothes—I am sorry to say—in her groom's clothes. I had to stop her. She admitted two things—she was going to the Guilds—I don't know if you remember them; they are the worst family in the parish, and I had just heard the Actons say that the very worst Guild of all, the man Sir William Thwaite threatens to bring before the justices, has been boasting in the village that he could get Lady Thwaite to come to him at any place, at any hour, by a wag of his finger, because she was once to have married his brother Hughie, and because she has set herself against her husband. She was either going to the Guilds to compromise herself beyond redemption, or she would have drowned herself in the pond at Hawley Scrub. I could not walk past and let her go on. You know I could not, if it was possible for me to help her. I got her to return home with me, and I think that she and Sir William have made up their quarrel, and may do better yet. He sent the carriage home with me. That is all."

"All! I should say it was," gasped Lady Fermor in one of the furies which were restrained perforce, and were so much more terrible for their restraint, because they contended with the weakness of age, and made her look like a devil-possessed mummy gnashing her teeth, but unable to do more. "How dare you come to me with such a vile story? What had you to do with these people, unless, indeed, you were at the bottom of all this mischief and misery? Like the wilful, insolent chit you were, you drove the fellow to a low barbarian of a wife and to drink. You lost your one chance; you made me the laughing-stock of the neighborhood, and I bore it without lifting my hand to strike you, or turning you from my doors. As if that were not enough, and too much, for my poor patience, you go and make friends with this creature of the highways and hedges. You are not deterred from meeting her, like the disgrace to her sex that she is, in man's clothes. And where any other girl of your rank who made any pretence to delicacy—to common decency, would have felt shocked, or pretended it, at least, and would have crossed to the other side of the road, and looked in the air or on the ground till the woman passed by, you chose to be hail-fellow well-met with her." Lady Fermor paused for a moment exhausted.

Iris tried to strike in, "I knew her when I was a little girl. It was very foolish and wrong of her to put on men's clothes. I was shocked; but Nanny Hollis once wore her younger brother's clothes, and walked through the village with Maudie. Mr. Hollis was not told, but her mother did nothing save laugh, and you only called Nanny a pickle of a girl," Iris ventured wistfully to remind her grandmother.

"Nanny Hollis was not a married woman, and her brother's clothes were different from a groom's," said Lady Fermor, truly enough in her sternness. "I hope you are not such an utter imbecile as to fail to see that there is one law for a family like the Hollises and another for the scum of the earth. But you didn't rush off and hide your face; you turned and went with the depraved gipsy to the wretched man whom she had inveigled, who had wanted you, whom you had sent to his ruin."

"It was to save her and him from the last sin and misery," urged Iris, forgetting the prohibition to cast pearls before swine. "If I had anything to do with

their wretchedness, I was the more bound to aid them."

"Child, I sometimes wonder whether you have been sent to torment me before my time, whether you speak and act simply for the purpose of exasperating me, or whether it is all done out of pure fatuousness of mind. I can tell you that you have enough to do to look after yourself, without inviting all the vagabonds and blackguards in the country to hang on by your skirts. Do you know what the thing that pious puritans and ninnies call 'a good name,' means? Do you know what it is worth in the eyes of the fools and hypocrites of this world? Are you aware that you have come into the world with a smirched shred of a name, in spite of your airs and scruples—though you seem to have cast aside the last of your detestable goody-goodness? Why, the women of your family who lived before you, and were as strong drink to your milk and water, played away your good name before you were born. I have told you it was not to be trifled with, and that it was little I could do for you or your mother before you—so little that, though she was a harmless fool, I was fain to dispose of her to the first scamp, with the show of a good rental, who would take her off my hands."

"Oh! grandmamma, for mercy's sake don't say such things," implored Iris, putting her hands upon her ears.

But the old woman caught the hands and pulled them down. "Ask Tom Mildmay's wife what she thinks of you, and whether she would invite you to pay her a visit *en famille*, though her boys are still in petticoats and her girls in short frocks and pinafores. Was it for such a one—whose name is as shaky as a tottering tree, whose fame has been breathed upon, though she herself may creep about as if she were begging folks' pardon, and getting up good deeds—to go within a mile of Sir William Thwaite, with his randy beggar wife, and their disreputable house and doings? Mrs. Hollis—even Nanny and Maudie—might go for their amusement, and laugh themselves out of the adventure. Mrs. Acton and the girl Lucy, or any other clergyman's wife and daughter, might hand in tracts—it is their business—wipe the dust from their feet and nothing be thought or said. But for you, girl! even I can hardly believe that you went from any other motive than a secret hankering after the miserable fellow you thought fit to reject last year. There, that is the bell at last. It ought to



have rung half an hour ago, and I'll pay out Fordham and the rest for it. I'm old, and Fermor is a wreck, but I am not come to the pass of being either neglected or bullied by my servants, or, for that matter, by my granddaughter. You may stay upstairs and have your dinner sent to you. Your company gives me little pleasure at any time, and I am not forced to bear it when you have made it intolerable to me. If starving on bread and water would be likely to do you any good, you may be sure I should try it, but I know to my cost the conceit and self-assurance of young people in this generation, and that if you have not stout stomachs, you have the capacity of mules for sticking to your point. I don't mean to give you the consolation of making yourself a martyr at my expense. Besides, I'm a good grandmother, Miss Compton," with another snarl under an ugly grin, "I don't wish to set servants and people talking of you, so long as I can prevent it, for when all is said and done, I dare say you will go the way of those who came before you. It is in the blood."

With this hideous, scornful prophecy, Iris, too crushed and aghast almost to be sensible of her deliverance, was at liberty to flee from her accuser.

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From The Scottish Review.

#### A LEGEND OF VANISHED WATERS.

UNDER this title we propose to summarize the story of the many remarkable changes which have befallen the beautiful loch of Spynie, — till recently the fairest sheet of blue water in all the once great and important province of Moray. Now only a tiny lake, covering an area of about a hundred acres, remains in that little corner, which alone, of all the ancient province, still bears the name of Moray, — a small lakelet in a small county.

Not thirty years have elapsed since this great fresh-water lake was one of the most important features in the scenery of the east coast. But the circumstance of chief interest connected with it, is that within comparatively recent years, when our ancestors and their contemporaries built their castles on the shores of the lake, it was an estuary of the sea, a secure harbor, where fishing smacks, and sometimes trading ships from far countries found secure refuge. And now, so complete is the transformation, and so utterly have the waters vanished, that the whole

district is one wide expanse of rich arable land, — a dead flat interesting only to the eye of the agriculturalist, and only varied by a few scattered belts of plantation.

The two prominent objects in the midst of those level cornfields, are the little hill on which stand the ruins of old Duffus Castle, once the fortified stronghold of Freskinus de Moravia, one of a race of barons of renown in the days of King David I. In later ages it passed to the possession of the Lords Duffus, who held it till the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of their servants, who only died in 1760, used to tell of the time when bonnie Dundee, the celebrated Claverhouse, was a guest in the castle, about the year 1689, and how she brought the claret from the cask in a *timber stoup*, and served it to the guests in a silver cup. She described Claverhouse as "a swarthy little man, with keen lively eyes, and black hair, tinged with grey, which he wore in locks which covered each ear, and were *rolled upon slips of lead, twisted together at the ends.*"

The old castle was a square tower, with walls about five feet thick, and defended by parapet, ditch, and drawbridge; and round about it was an orchard and garden, noted for its excellent and abundant produce. The moss-grown fruit trees remain to this day, though the castle has long been abandoned.

At a distance of about five miles, on another slightly raised site, stand the stately ruins of the Palace of Spynie, which, six hundred years ago, was the summer home of the Bishops of Moray, at a time ere their magnificent Cathedral of Elgin (still so beautiful in its decay) had been ruthlessly pillaged and destroyed. Notwithstanding its ecclesiastical character, this too was a stronghold, with loop-holed walls of enormous thickness, watch-towers and portcullis; and here, baronial warrior-bishops, backed by a goodly company of armed retainers, held their supremacy over turbulent neighbors, not only by divine right, but by very emphatic temporal force, for, as has been well said, "while holding the crosier in one hand, they could ever wield the sword with the other, and act the part of commanders of their stronghold at Spynie, whenever danger threatened."

Various kings and great nobles had bestowed on the diocese of Moray, grants of land, forest, and fishing, and the revenues and temporal power of its bishops, as "lords of the regality of Spynie," were so great that they could well afford to



live as princes, and accordingly they did so — their households including as many officials, with high-sounding titles, as those of the greatest nobles.

The title of "lord of regality" was no empty name. It was a grant from the crown, conferring the right of regal jurisdiction in a specified district, both in matters civil and criminal. The lord of regality held the power of life and death, and was the arbitrary sovereign within its territory. These extraordinary and most dangerous powers were bestowed on various subjects, and in 1452 were granted by King James II. to the Bishop of Moray and his successors. The jurisdiction extended over the lands of the Church in the shires of Elgin, Nairn, Inverness, Ross, Banff and Aberdeen, and included no fewer than nine baronies, besides other lands.

These magnificent prelates were certainly "lords over God's heritage" in a most literal sense. Their daily lives practically exemplified how "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace," for dire experience had taught them the need of supplementing their spiritual armor, with very efficient temporal defences. For though their tenants and vassals were so far privileged that they were not liable to be called upon to serve the king in time of war, they were not unfrequently compelled to act on the defensive.

Thus it was that when David Stewart of Lorn was made bishop, in 1461, and was so sorely troubled by the Earl of Huntly as to be compelled to pass sentence of excommunication against him, the wrathful Clan Gordon threatened to pull the prelate from his pigeon-holes (in allusion to the small rooms of the old palace). The bishop replied that he would soon build a house out of which the earl and all his clan should not be able to pull him. Thereupon he built the great tower which has ever since borne his name, "Davie's Tower," four stories high, with walls of solid masonry, nine feet in thickness. Even the large windows of the upper rooms were defended by strong iron bars, while the casement was occupied by vaulted rooms, doubtless for the use of the men at arms. The roof is also vaulted and surrounded with battlements. But neither devotion nor recreation were forgotten in the building of this lordly palace, for within its great quadrangle stood the bishop's chapel, and also a spacious tennis court, while round about the precincts were gardens well supplied with

fruit trees. Here the poor of the parish daily assembled at a given hour, when a bell was rung, and from the postern gate, an abundant supply of bread and soup and other food was freely dispensed to all comers.

Many a strange change have these grey walls witnessed—ecclesiastical pomp, and martial display, pious and benevolent lives contrasting with scenes of cruel warfare and outrage, but no such changes have been half so startling as these physical transformations which have altered the whole aspect of the land. In place of rich harvest-fields extending far as the eye can reach, much of the country round, and all the distant high ground were covered with dense natural forest, haunted by wolves, which were the terror of the peasants, and afforded worthier sport for the barons than their descendants can create for themselves in the slaughter of home-reared pheasants.

Even the older members of the present generation found true sport in abundance round the reedy shores of the great freshwater loch of Spynie—the largest loch in the land of Moray—a beautiful sheet of water, which, after long resisting successive efforts at drainage, has, within the last twenty years, yielded to a determined attack, to the joy of the farmers and the bitter regret of naturalists and sportsmen. The latter might (but do not) find a corner of consolation in being saved from the temptation to lay up for themselves after-years of agonizing rheumatism, brought on by long hours spent in creeping among marshy shallows on bitter winter mornings—such expeditions as were deemed joy by my brothers, whose well-filled bag often included some rare bird, a chance visitor of these shores. For until the middle of this century, the rushes and water-grasses and rank herbage of the swamps offered such favorable breeding-grounds as to attract wild-fowl in incalculable numbers; widgeon and mallard, pochard and pintail ducks, teal, moorhens, and great flocks of coot. The loch was also the resort of numerous wild swans, though these had already become rarer visitants than of yore.

Many were the grey-brindled wildcats which haunted the neighboring fir woods, and many the badgers, which burrowed like rabbits, in the dry banks, thence emerging to dig up the soil after the fashion of pigs. So numerous must these creatures have been in bygone times, that they have bequeathed their name to the lands of Inch-brock, the "Isle of

Badgers," a name worthy of note, in that it tells not only of the presence of an animal now well-nigh extinct, but also of the time when the sea covered these lowlands, and this now inland farm was a wave-washed isle.

The capercailzie too (which, being interpreted from the Gaelic, means "the cock of the woods," and which had entirely died out of Scotland till it was recently reimported from Norway to Perthshire, where now twenty to twenty-five brace sometimes figure in a single day's battue), was a regular winter guest in the pine woods of Moray,\* until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when it ceased to make its annual appearance, a loss not much regretted by the proprietors of the forests, in which this "cock of the woods" leaves his mark in the destruction of many a promising shoot.

But when we speak of the blue, fresh water loch (familiar to many travellers from the fact, that some thirty years ago, the railroad from Elgin to Lossiemouth was constructed right across its shallow, half-drained bed, so that the passengers looked to right and left across its glassy waters),† we are speaking of a comparatively modern feature in the landscape. At the time when these two grey ruins, the Palace of Spynie, and the Castle of Duffus, were built, both stood on the brink of a broad estuary of the sea,—indeed, there is little doubt that prior to A.D. 1200, the Castle of Duffus, on its green hill, was actually an island. Up to the year 1380, Spynie was a secure harbor, whence "the fishers of sea-fish" were in the habit of sailing with their wives and children to the sea, thence bringing back fish in boats. In fact, the sea-water lake at that time extended about five miles eastward of the Castle of Spynie, to a spot called Kintrae, a Gaelic name signifying "the top of the tide."

Strange to say, there are actually four places bearing this name, each but a little distance from the other, and evidently marking the gradual recession of the tide, as the coast line changed. Finally we come to a spot which still bears the name of Salterhill, and here, about thirty years ago, the remains of a salt factory were discovered, in the course of digging deep drains. There were also salt works on

the banks of Loch Spynie itself, for they are mentioned in a deed by Bishop Bricius, bearing date A.D. 1203.

Nearly two centuries later, in A.D. 1383, a protest was made by the Lord Bishop Alexander Bar, against Lord John Dunbar, Earl of Moray, and the burgesses of Elgin, respecting the right of the fishing and of the harbor of Spynie, which he maintained to be within the ecclesiastical marches, and to have ever been held by the Bishops of Moray, who, each in his time, had "fishers, with cobles and boats, for catching salmon, grilses, and finnares, and other kinds of fish, with nets and hooks, without impediment or opposition, the present dispute excepted." He further showed how his immediate predecessor, "John Pilmore, of worthy memory, intending to improve and deepen the course of the said harbor, labored therein, not secretly, but in his own right, as master of the said harbor."

Later documents, bearing date 1451, still speak of the fishermen and harbor of the town or burgh of Spynie.

All manner of shellfish abounded in this ancient sea-loch, more especially cockles and oysters. The latter, alas! have long since disappeared from our shores, together with the alluvial mud in which they formerly flourished, the seacoast being now essentially sandy; but their presence in older days is proven by the numerous shell-mounds, marking where clusters of fishers' huts once stood. These "kitchen-middens" have in recent years been discovered all along the banks of this great basin. One of these (at Briggsies), which covers a space of nearly an acre, and is in many places about a foot in depth, consists of masses of periwinkles, mussels, limpets, razor-shell, cockles, and oysters, but especially oysters of very large growth, such as may well increase our regret that they should have ceased to exist on these shores. A good deal of charred wood, mingled with the shells, tells of the kitchen fires of the consumers, and one bronze pin has been found, as if just to prove that these villagers were possessed of such treasures. A very remarkable confirmation of the old records regarding the ancient bounds of the sea, was obtained when the loch was drained, and *large beds of oysters and mussels were found buried beneath the deposit of fresh-water shells and mud.* Several anchors of vessels were also found, and sundry skeletons. In the same connection, we may notice the name of Scart-hill, i.e., the Cormorant's hill, which now lies at some dis-

\* Rhind's Sketches of Moray, 1839.

† The inhabitants of Lossiemouth tell with pride that their railway across the lake to Elgin was the *first line completed in the north!* It was opened for traffic in 1852. The coast line of rail from London to Inverness, *via* Aberdeen, was opened in 1858. The Highland line *via* Perth was opened in 1863.

tance inland, but which assuredly was originally on the seashore.

When the recession of the ocean deprived the bishops of their natural harbor, and the fish supply could no longer be landed at their very door, they still retained their right to the coast fishing; and so, in the year 1561, we find the bishop and chapter of Moray granting a charter for "the fishing called the Coifsea" (which we now call Covesea), to Thomas Innes, in consideration of certain payment in kind, the bishop reserving the right of purchasing the fish caught, at the rate of twenty haddocks or whittings for one penny, a skait or ling, twopence, a turbot, fourpence, and a *seleich*, or seal, for four shillings.

The harvest of the sea included cod, skate, hallibut, haddocks, whittings, saiths, crabs, and lobsters. The latter continued abundant until the close of the last century, when an English company established a lobster fishery in the bay of Stotfield, for the London market, and in the first season forwarded sixty thousand lobsters alive to town, in wells formed in the hold of the ship, the prisoners simply having their claws tied to their sides. They were captured in iron traps, which seem to have had the effect of frightening the lobsters away from the coast, for, like the oysters, their presence here is now a tale of the past.

The lobsters, when captured, were stored in a marine prison, till an opportunity presented itself for sending them to the southern market; and the lobster-catchers were apparently not very discriminating in their selection of a suitable spot where these cases should be sunk. Hence, in April, 1677, we find an appeal from the captain of a trading ship, the "Margaret," of Inverness, who, having occasion to call at the port of Crail, summoned a pilot to take in his vessel. He says, "Ane English man being heir, had two Lapister-kists\* in the harbor-muth, and the boatmen towed close to them, and they aleadge that they did losse two hundred Lapisters, for which the Bailies heir has fyned me in thretie punds Scots, and arrested and lodged me in prison till I will pay the same, which I doe think ought not to be payed by me, since that I had a Poileot, and the chists lay right in the midle of the harbor-muth."

No historical record tells how, or when, the sea threw up the wide barrier of shingle and sand which in later ages sep-

arated it from the loch, transforming the broad estuary into a brackish lake with wide-spreading, marshy shores, extending as far as Gordonstoun.

That the change was gradual seems proven, by the formation of a series of raised beaches, distant about a mile inland from the present coast line, and forming a succession of plateaus covered with large rounded stones, extending for about three miles along the shore. This curious ridge averages a height of twenty feet above the sea level, and is from fifty to a hundred yards in width. It is known that in these remote times, the river Spey, which now enters the sea at Fochabers, flowed far more to the west, and probably brought down from the mountains those vast supplies of gravel and water-worn boulders. But though the Spey may have brought the material, the process by which the separation of sea and lake was effected is all a mystery. Whether, as some suppose, by sudden storms, or else by gradual secession of the ocean, certain it is that when Boece wrote his history of Scotland (which, though not published till 1526, was probably written earlier, since we learn that the author was born in Forfarshire in 1465), the sea was shut out from the lake, and though he mentions that in his time, old persons remembered the lake being stocked with sea fish, and although the river Lossie continued to flow right through the loch, certainly as recently as 1586, even salmon had all forsaken the loch, and were replaced by pike and trout, and multitudes of eels.

The cockles and oysters too (the possession of which the bishops maintained as their right), had disappeared with all other denizens of the salt sea, and in place of the brown, tangled seaweeds, freshwater plants had sprung up. The old historian specially noted the abundant growth of *swangirs*, whatever they may be, on the seeds of which the wild swans loved to feed, and large flocks of these beautiful birds floated in stately pride on the calm blue loch, while multitudes of wild duck and all manner of water-fowl found refuge among the tall bulrushes and sedges.

"In this region," says he, "is a lake named Spiney, wherein is exceeding plentie of swans. The cause of their increase in this place is ascribed to a certeine herbe, which groweth there in great abundance, and whose seed is verie pleasant unto the said fowle in the eating, wherefore they call it swangirs; and hereunto such is the nature of the same, that where

\* Lobster-chests.

it is once sown or planted it will never be destroyed, as may be proved by experience. For albeit that this lake be five miles in length, and was some time within the remembrance of man verie well-stocked with salmon and other fish, yet after that this herbe began to multiplie upon the same, it became so shallow that one may now wade through the greatest part thereof, by means whereof all the great fishes there be utterlie consumed."

Very lovely in those days must have been the view from "Bishop Davie's Great Tower," overlooking the wide expanse of quiet lake, fringed with willows and rustling reeds and dark green alders (precious to the fishers as yielding a valuable dye for their nets), while beyond the recently created ridge of shingle, lay the grey, stormy ocean, and the watchers on the tower might mark the incoming of the fleet of brown-sailed fishing smacks, or catch the first glimpse on the horizon of the approach of some gallant merchantman (or perchance a smuggler's craft) bringing stores of claret and brandy, and other foreign goods. The lake extended from Aikenhead in the east, far to the west of the ancient salt works at Salterhill, etc., close to Gordonstown, and ferry-boats took passengers across, from point to point.

About the centre of the loch rose the island of Fowl Inch, where multitudes of water-fowl found a quiet breeding-place, while the west end of the loch was dotted with green islets called holmes, which were covered with coarse, rank pasture, called star grass. In days when no foreign grasses had yet been imported, this natural growth was precious, so in the summer time the cattle were carried by boat and turned loose on the isles to graze. Of these isles, the principal were those known as Wester Holme, Easter Holme, Tappie's Holme, Skene's Holme, Picture Holme, Long Holme, Little Holme, and Lint Holme. This precious star grass also grew luxuriantly on some parts of the shore at the west end of the loch, and gave its name to those favored spots — such were the Star Bush of Balmorie, the Star Bush of Salterhill, and the Star Bush of Spynie.

Now, he who has a steady head, and sufficient nerve to venture on climbing the ruined and broken spiral stairs (through the gaps of which he looks down into the empty space left by the total disappearance of the rafters and flooring which once divided the great tower into four stories, an ascent which we candidly con-

fess has cost us many qualms, though the interest of the view from the summit well repays the exertion and risk), may still stand on Bishop Davie's battlement, but in place of the broad lake he will see only one little corner of blue water sparkling like a sapphire in a setting of yellow gold — the withered reeds of autumn.

This small lakelet, covering about a hundred and ten acres, of which eighty are open water, lies on the edge of the dark fir woods of Pitgaveny, and is carefully preserved by means of strong embankments separating it from the broad main ditch, which has so effectually carried off most of the water. Small as it is, it suffices to attract a considerable number of wild duck, and a multitude of black-headed gulls breed on its margin, notwithstanding that their nests are freely pillaged, as their beautiful green, russet, or brown eggs are in great request for the table. About eighty dozen are thus taken each week during the breeding season.

A neighboring tract of rush-land still shows that art has not yet wholly triumphed over nature, but to all intents and purposes Loch Spynie has vanished "like as a dream when one awaketh." Gone are the quiet pools, well sheltered by tall reeds, where wild geese and ducks, herons and coots were wont to rear their young; no longer does the otter haunt the shore, or the booming note of the bittern echo from the swamp whence the white mists rose so eerily, and where the fowls devised cunning snares for the capture of wild fowl. The thick mud once tenanted by multitudinous eels, and which afforded such excellent sport to the spears, is now turned to good account by large tile works, and the waters are everywhere replaced by rich green pasture, dotted over with sheep and cattle or comfortable homesteads with well-filled stack-yards; while straight, dull roads take the place of the old ferries; the boatmen have vanished, the wayfarer trudges on mile after mile across a monotonous expanse of ploughed land or harvest fields, and the wild cries of the water fowl are replaced by the shrill steam whistles that tell of railway trains, steam ploughs, or reaping machines. In short, the days of romance and of age are a dream of the past, and unpoetic wealth and health reign in their place.

The means by which, in the course of many generations, this transformation has been effected, form a curious chain of incidents in the history of unreclaimed

lands. For many years after the separation of the sea from the loch, the river Lossie continued to flow in its ancient channel, passing right through the loch, draining the surrounding land, and carrying superfluous water to the sea. There is reason to believe that the bishops, who were then almost sole proprietors, assisted this natural drainage, by the cutting of deep lateral ditches, by which means some land was reclaimed, and the loch became so shallow that a road of stepping-stones was constructed right across it, so that the bishop's vicar, after preaching to his congregation at Kinnedar (or "the head of the water") might thereon cross to hold another preaching in Oguestown (the ancient name for the parish church at Gordonstoun).

This road across the water was carefully constructed, and was known as "the Bishop's Stepping-Stones." These were three feet apart, and on them was laid a causeway of broad, flat stones, along which the great Church dignitaries might walk in safety. There was also an artificial island near the Palace of Spynie — measuring about sixty paces by sixteen — for what purpose it had been constructed no one can guess, but it was built of stone, bound together by crooked branches of oak — a strange survival of those oak forests which flourished in this district at the time when the Danes occupied Burghead, and came to repair old galleys and build new ones at Rose-isle, compelling the inhabitants to cut timber for this purpose, in the oak forests.

Now, only bleak, bent-clothed sandhills stretch along the shore, and from time to time an old root or log is upturned, as if to prove that the tradition was not wholly a delusion.

Not only have the oak forests disappeared, but the inlet of the sea where the galleys were constructed, has been so wholly blocked up with sand, that not a trace of it is to be found, nor is there any mark to suggest at what period this portion of the coast can have been an island, as its name indicates.

Strange to say, however, the fisher-folk in the neighboring village of Hopeman tell us that some years ago a foreign vessel ("We call them all foreigners, unless they're British," say the fishers), bound for Burghead, being caught in a storm, ran right ashore near Lossiemouth, as the captain understood by his very old chart, that he could run into Spynie harbor, and thence sail round under shelter, by the back of Rose-isle.

A similar change, though in a smaller matter, is suggested by the name of Braemou, which was formerly Burn-mouth, at Hopeman, and also by the neighboring farm of Burn-side, which lies on rising ground near the seaboard of crags, but where now, not the tiniest trickling brooklet is to be found, nor the faintest indication of any fresh-water stream having ever flowed.

There is, however, a tradition that two hundred years ago this and several other burns flowed westward into the lochs of Rose-isle and Outlet, both of which were filled up, and their very sites obliterated, in the awful sand-storms which, in the autumn of 1694 and spring of 1695, overwhelmed so many miles of the most fertile land along the shores of Moray.

These streams, thus diverted from their natural channel, turned eastward, and thenceforward flowed into the Loch of Spynie, thus adding to its water supply, at the same time as the drifting sand had partly filled up its basin. Consequently the loch overflowed its bounds, and did vast damage to the surrounding lands. The bishop's causeway and other artificial roads, the Spynie islet and various homesteads, were lost to sight, and well-nigh to tradition.

After the Reformation, when Church and lands were divorced, the Protestant bishops, shorn of all temporal power, might indeed inhabit the Palace of Spynie, but were compelled to be passive witnesses of the decay of the ancient drain-works, and the enlargement of the lake. The newly created Lord Spynie never lived in the county, and suffered everything to go to ruin, so the accumulating waters encroached on the arable land to such an extent as to necessitate some very energetic measures, — nothing less than turning the course of the river Lossie, and providing it with a new seaward channel. So in the year 1599, two of the proprietors, Sutherland of Duffus, and Archibald Douglas of Pittendreich, whose lands chiefly suffered, agreed on this action. Their quaint old contract tells how — "For sa meikell as ye Loch of Spynie hes our fflowd ane pairt of ye Tounes of Salcottes, Cruikmures and Kirktown of Duffus, and yt ye said loche, sua far as men can persaiu, is like to droun mekell mair of ye Landis and Barony of Duffus nor is allreddie drounit, and yat ye said drounit lands cannot be maid dry, and ye Loch of Spynie stoppit fra doing of gretar harme to ye said lands, except ye laird of Pettindryt his landis of ye Barony of Kil-



malemnok be cuttit and tirrit, for makking of dykkis till outhald ye watter of Lossie from ye said Loch of Spynie, and drouning of sundrie of the said Archibald his landis."

How these "two lairds" set about their work, does not appear, but they evidently failed, for early in the seventeenth century most of the neighboring proprietors combined, and eaving taken counsel with Anderson of Finzeach of Aberdeen, a skilful engineer, they succeeded in turning the Lossie into a new channel, separating it from the loch by a great embankment. A map of the province of Moray, published in 1640, by Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, shows that this great work had been successfully accomplished.

After this the waters were fairly kept within bounds for half a century, during which men were too much occupied with stormy politics to give much heed to the care of their lands. But in 1694, their attention was rudely reawakened by the terrible calamity to which we have already referred. The drifting sands, which desolated so wide a belt of the most fertile lands of Moray, did similar damage, though in a less degree, in this district, and so effectually filled the channels of all streams, and a great part of the bed of Loch Spynie, that its waters, now greatly enlarged, again overflowed their bounds, covering the cultivated lands, and presenting a wide but very shallow surface.

There was danger too, lest the river Lossie should break its artificial banks, and return to its original channel. So in 1706 the neighboring lairds bound themselves "to maintain and support the banks of the said river with earth, feal (*i.e.*, turf), stone, creels, etc., . . . in order to keep her in the channel where she now runs, and *where she had been put by art and force.*"

Dunbar of Duffus next attempted to reclaim his own swamped lands which bore the appropriate name of Watery-mains. He made great dykes and embankments, set up a windmill with pumping machinery, and all went well, till a great tempest overthrew the mill and destroyed the machinery, whereupon the waters once more overswept the arable lands, of which they retained possession for many years, during which the neighboring proprietors endeavored to decide on some system of concerted action. This, however, was effectually prevented by the counter interests of the family of Gordonstoun. It appears that when in A.D. 1636, Sir Robert Gordon purchased these estates, he

had obtained a charter from John Guthrie, Bishop of Moray, bestowing on him various lands, including those of Salterhill, otherwise called Little Drainie, "with all singular parts, pendicles, and pertinents, together with the passage or ferry-boat in the Loch of Spynie, with the privileges, liberties, profits, and duties of the same."

In consequence of this charter, the family of Gordonstoun claimed the sole right, not only to the possession of boats on the loch, but also to the fishing and fowling, and the use of the natural pastures on the shores, and the determination to preserve these rights was a fruitful source of litigation. It was therefore evident that whatever means were adopted to diminish the lake, would infringe on the "profits and privileges" of the Gordons.

Thus matters were left until the year 1778, when we find local chroniclers bewailing the neglect which had suffered "the ancient ditch" to be so filled up, that the loch was daily increasing westward, forming a level sheet of water upwards of four miles in length, and covering a space of twenty-five hundred acres, besides the broad margin of marshy land, which, owing to occasional overflows, was rendered worthless.

In the following year, Mr. Brander of Pitgaveny (whose low-lying lands near the loch suffered more severely than those of his neighbors), resolutely set to work at his own expense, aided by his brother, to restore the old drain, and enlarge it, so as to form a canal of some importance. He succeeded in lowering the surface of the lake upwards of three feet, and recovered eleven hundred and sixty-two acres of land, of which eight hundred fell to his own share, and the remainder to Gordonstoun and other adjacent estates, which touched the shores of the loch. Then it was that the stone causeway (which was dimly remembered in local tradition) reappeared, as did also the artificial islet aforesaid, and an isle at the west end of the loch, on which were the ruins of a turf cottage. On excavating these, there were found a quantity of peat ashes and a number of coins, which had apparently been here buried, on some sudden alarm. Little did their possessor dream what changes would pass over his humble home, ere his hidden treasure was again brought to light!

For a while Sir William Gordon (the last of the strong-minded, energetic race of the Gordonstoun family) looked on with comparative indifference, supposing that this effort to drain the loch would



prove as unsuccessful as those of the past. But when he found that the waters had actually fallen so low as to stop his ferry-boat, he deemed it necessary to take active steps for the protection of his rights, and, by application to the crown, he obtained a new charter, bearing date 22nd July, 1780, giving him a right to "*the whole lake or loch of Spynie, and fishings of the same* with all the privileges and pertinents thereof, together with the ferry-boat upon the said loch, with the privileges, liberties, profits, and duties of the same." The granting of this charter was vehemently opposed by the neighbors, and the Messrs. Brander raised a counteraction, and counter-claims, which kept all the lawyers busy for many years.

Meanwhile, nature and art continued in conflict. Three years after Mr. Brander's canal was finished, a great flood occurred, which did it considerable damage; the loch regained much of its lost ground, and the ferry-boat continued to ply even to Salterhill, until the beginning of the present century.

By this time Sir William Gordon was dead, and the neighboring proprietors awoke to a conviction that it would prove remunerative to unite their efforts in making a great new canal so as to reclaim more land. Telford, the most eminent engineer of his day, was consulted. (He was then engaged in the construction of the great Caledonian Canal.) His suggestion was, that a canal should be cut through the high ramparts of shingle, so as to give the loch a direct outlet to the sea; with mighty sluices at the mouth, to keep back the tide.

It was determined to carry out this scheme, but a considerable time elapsed ere the neighboring proprietors could come to an agreement, respecting their several shares in the expenditure, and in the division of land to be reclaimed. This matter involved so much discussion, so many surveys and reports, such examination of witnesses, and other legal forms, that it dragged on, at an enormous expense, from 1807 to 1822! when the dispute was finally submitted to arbitration by the dean of faculty.

The work was, however, not allowed to suffer by these long legal proceedings. The contract was taken in 1808 by Mr. Hughes, who had just completed the works of the Caledonian Canal. Though the Spynie Canal was a small matter as compared with that great national waterway, it was no mean undertaking. The distance to be cut, between the loch and

Lossiemouth was altogether seven miles, and its breadth was to be about thirty feet along the bottom, with an upper slope of one and a half feet to each foot of perpendicular depth. Though the labor involved varied greatly at different points, the cutting in some places not exceeding twenty feet, it was necessary in crossing the raised beaches to dig to a depth of about sixty feet, with a surface width of a hundred and fifty. Besides the actual canal, heavy excavations were requisite at various points, and many miles of side drains were also required, in order to dry the land.

By 1812 the works were all completed, at a cost of £11,740, a sum in which law expenses formed a heavy item. The lowering of the waters put a stop to ferry-boats, so it became necessary to construct a turnpike road right across the loch. The workmen stood in some places breast deep in water: thus the bishop's stepping-stones, ere many years passed, were succeeded by a substantial turnpike road; and the eels and pike, which still found a home in the shallow waters, were further disturbed by the construction of a pathway for "the iron horse."

For about seventeen years all went well, and although the sluices at Lossiemouth were of wood, and were not self-acting, involving constant watchfulness on the part of the men in charge, the surface of the loch was maintained at an almost permanent level. Some expensive alterations were made in 1827, to avert a threatened danger of inundation in the fishing town of Lossiemouth; but all such minor fears were swallowed up in the reality of the great calamity which befel the whole land of Moray in the memorable floods of 1829, when very heavy rains on the high lands caused all the rivers to overflow their natural bounds, and ravage the land. Even the little Lossie, usually so peaceful, was transformed into a raging torrent, and, bursting the barriers which had grown up between her and the loch, overflowed the canal, leaving it choked with great stones and earth; and rushing seaward, carried away the sluices. Thus, in a few brief hours, did the mocking waters destroy the labor of years.

In that widespread desolation, men had neither money nor inclination to return at once to the battle; but ere long the canal was partially cleared, the Lossie was turned back into her accustomed channel, and high banks were raised to keep her therein. The sluices, however, had vanished, consequently the canal was simply

a great tidal ditch, so that the loch itself rose and fell about three feet with every tide. The said ditch was, however, so far effectual, that although the loch did overflow a considerable amount of cultivated ground, its limits were well defined, and the raised turnpike road continued perfectly dry.

As years passed by, however, the bottom of the canal gradually filled up, and the loch thereupon commenced to spread farther and farther, so that the neighboring farms suffered severely, as field after field was inundated. Finally, in 1860, all the tenant farmers united in a petition to the proprietors to set about a thorough drainage of the loch. This was agreed upon, and after many consultations, the land-owners resolved to send a deputation to the fen country of England, there to study the various methods successfully adopted for marsh drainage. Three reliable men were accordingly selected to represent the proprietors, the factors, the tenants, while a fourth was added to the number as professional adviser. These made a careful examination of the principal water-works in England, and of all the various kinds of sluices in use, together with the methods of working them.

On their return they drew up a report, recommending in the first instance a partial drainage by means of self-acting sluices, which they calculated would, at a cost of £2,430, so reduce the waters as to leave only a pool covering about a hundred acres near the old Palace of Spynie. Steam power, they considered, might, if requisite, be applied later to a final drainage. As there were at this time, two thousand acres of land either under water, or so moist as to be worthless, there appeared a fair prospect of a good return for the outlay. The works were accordingly commenced. Sluices were put on at the sea, but months of toil and grievous expenses were incurred ere they were in working order. In the first instance a foundation of solid masonry had to be raised on what proved to be a quicksand, and an artificial foundation of heavy piles had to be prepared. Then the water poured into the cutting made through the shingly beach on the one hand, and through the sand on the other—so that the works were inundated both by sea and loch. The unhappy contractor, who had never calculated on such a contingency, pumped and pumped with might and main for months, till at length in despair, "out of heart and out of pocket," he quietly disappeared from the country. It

was necessary, however, that the work, once begun, should be finished. It was accordingly undertaken by two local tradesmen, who in due time accomplished it satisfactorily, but at a very heavy loss on their contract. Four sluices of cast iron, each weighing eighteen hundred-weight, were so finely poised as to be opened or closed by the rise or fall of a quarter of an inch in the surface of the water; and when shut not one drop of water could ooze through from the sea into the canal. Then followed the great labor of again digging and deepening the canal, and ere the works were finally accomplished, the expenditure was found to have been about £8,000—rather an increase on the estimate! Nevertheless, the work is considered to have been remunerative, as the greater part of the two thousand acres thus reclaimed has proved first-class soil, and even the poorer portions are capable of considerable improvement.

Of course there is a necessity for some annual expenditure, as repairs are needed to keep the whole in working order, but so far, the drainage of what was once the beautiful loch of Spynie may be deemed a complete success, from an agricultural point of view, though we need scarcely say that to the naturalist and the sportsman, the farmer's gain is an irreparable loss.

Much of the low-lying land thus reclaimed, proved to be heavy clay, which produced rich wheat crops, and, till a few years ago, a large proportion of this, and indeed of all the Lowlands of Moray, was devoted to this grain. Now, however, since Russia and California furnish such abundant supplies, home-grown wheat is no longer a remunerative crop, so the wheat fields have vanished, and are replaced by barley and oats, and especially by turnips, for Moray is now emphatically a stock-rearing district, and the farmer's energies are concentrated on care of his beasts.

As concerns the fine old palace with its "regality," its glory rapidly waned after the date of the Reformation. The last Roman Catholic bishop, Patrick Hepburn, was a man who fully understood the art of making friends with the unrighteous mammon, and, foreseeing the storm of 1560, he made provision in due season, and sought to secure a powerful ally against the day of need. He therefore presented a large part of the most valuable land of the diocese to the Earl of Moray, regent of Scotland, with fishing and other

privileges. He also handsomely endowed many of his own kinsfolk and friends, including *his own sons*, which was indeed adding injury to insult, so far as his relation to the Church was concerned! Having thus disposed of her property for his own benefit, forestalling other robbers of Church lands, he settled down to a less harassing life in the old palace, and there died at an advanced age.

At his death the remaining lands of the diocese were confiscated by the crown, and in 1590 were granted to Sir Alexander Lindsay, son of the Earl of Crawford, who had found favor with King James VI. by advancing ten thousand gold crowns to help to defray his Majesty's travelling expenses, when journeying to Denmark to wed the Princess Anne. Sir Alexander accompanied his sovereign as far as Germany, when he was attacked by severe illness, and had to remain behind. King James wrote from the castle of Croneburg in Denmark, promising to bestow on him the lordship of Spynie, with all lands and honors pertaining thereto. "Let this," said he, "serve for cure to your present disease." Sir Alexander was accordingly created Lord Spynie, but not caring to live in the north, he appointed a neighboring laird to act as constable of the fortalice and castle of Spynie. He himself afterwards lost favor with the king, and, in 1607, had the misfortune to get mixed up in a family fight in the streets of Edinburgh, which resulted in his death.

This method of settling a family difficulty was curiously illustrative of the times. The Earl of Crawford had assassinated his kinsman, Sir Walter Lindsay, whereupon Sir David Lindsay of Edzell, nephew of the murdered man, assembled his armed retainers to avenge the death of his uncle. The two armed forces met in Edinburgh, whereupon Lord Spynie interposed and strove to bring about a reconciliation. Hot words soon resulted in a fray, and the mediator was accidentally slain, and fell pierced with eleven wounds. Altogether this is a very pretty picture of the mediæval method of settling such questions.

The title died out in the third generation, when the lands reverted to the crown, and have since passed from one family to another, till both lands and ruined palace reached the hands of the present owner,—the Earl of Fife.

Three centuries, however, have passed by since the death of Bishop Hepburn, for the first hundred of which the old

palace was the seat of the Protestant bishops, to whom it was transferred after the Reformation. One of these, John Guthrie of that ilk (which means that he was the proprietor of Guthrie in Angus), held it in the year 1640, when the Covenanters took arms, whereupon he garri-soned the palace and prepared for a siege. But when General Munro arrived with a force of three hundred men, the bishop was persuaded to surrender, so only his arms and riding-horses were carried off.

Again in 1645, when Montrose laid waste the lands of Moray with fire and sword, the inhabitants of the neighboring town of Elgin (the cathedral town of the diocese), fled at his approach, to seek shelter for themselves, their wives, and their treasure, in the Palace of Spynie, which continued to be the episcopal residence till the time of Bishop Colin Falconer, who died there in 1686.

Two years later, in the Revolution of 1688, the palace was annexed to the crown, as the lands had already been, and since that date it has remained uninhabited. As a natural consequence, its timber and iron work have gradually been removed by the neighboring farmers,—the doors, the flooring, the oaken rafters, the iron gate, the iron chain of the portcullis have all disappeared, and only a portion of the massive stone walls now remains to tell of the glory of this ancient palace. Even the best of the hewn stones, and the steps of the old stairs, have been thus appropriated. Never was transformation more complete than that which has changed this once mighty ecclesiastical fortress and palace of the seaboard into a peaceful inland ruin, whose grey walls, now tottering to their fall, re-echo only the scream of the night owl, or the bleating of the sheep which crop the sweet grass within its courts.

Nevertheless, the position of those who occupy the reclaimed lands is by no means one of absolute security. Not only might another year of unwanted rainfall on the hills repeat the story of the floods of 1829, and restore the Lossie to its self-chosen channel through Loch Spynie, to the total destruction of all sea sluices—but there exists the ever-present and far more serious danger on the west, where only a narrow belt of low sandhills protects the cultivated land from the sea, which in the last century made such serious encroachments on the neighboring Bay of Burchhead. Now, again, the ocean appears to be gaining ground, and when we note its ceaseless activity all along this coast (one

year building up huge barriers of great boulders to a height of perhaps thirty feet or more, and in the following year carrying them all away, to leave only a gravelly shore), we cannot ignore the possibility that a day may very possibly come, soon and suddenly, when, after a night of unwonted storm, the morning light may reveal a gap in the sand hills, and the fertile lands, which at eventide appeared so safe and so peaceful, may lie deep beneath the salt sea, which, reclaiming its rights, has once more resumed its original channel, passing round the back of Rose-isle, to restore to the ancient harbor of Spynie its long-lost character.

From Belgravia.

#### TZIGGE.

#### A RUSSIAN SKETCH.

#### PART I.

THE heat of this July, 1875, will long be remembered in the Baltic provinces. In Courland it is blazing — suffocating. The breath of air which comes in to me through the open window scorches my cheek. Ever-recurring waves of heat rise from the panting earth, and dim in the quivering vapor lie the distant fields where the peasants work in their sheepskin coats. Above, the sun, like a brazen ball, stands high in the lurid, changeless sky. The air is laden with the choking smell of burning woods, and all that has life — man, beast, bird, and plant — gasps longingly for rain. There is not a leaf nor blade of green grass left: all is yellow and sear. Over the blooming, odorous month of July a blasting breath has past, bearing away the freshness of her refulgent beauty. The stork on her nest in the garden actually opens wide her long bill and yawns like a rational being, whilst her partner stands motionless like a stone effigy by her side. And I am almost asleep for lack of energy to keep my eyes open, when the grating of wheels in the poplar avenue arouses my curiosity. Surely it cannot be visitors driving in this oppressive heat? I crane my neck until I descry a long four-wheeled cart, looming heavily into the court. Slowly, with drooping head, the jaded horse creeps on, without even the reminder of the whip, which hangs limp in the hand of the driver. He sits on the narrow seat in front, and I can note his profile: the long, drooping nose and bearded chin, the

black, tangled locks, with that particular one which sweeps his thin, sallow cheek, and I recognize Tzigge, or Ziege (goat), the Jew pedlar. Fast asleep on the top of the bales of merchandise lies his only son Nathan.

As Tzigge dismounts the women crowd the door and windows of the peasants' quarters, which occupy one side of the court. They are all Letts. There is wild Säfing with her snowy hair and ever-shaking head. She was a beauty in her day, and is still dainty in her fair and spotless cleanliness, but there is a story in the depths of her mad eyes. Behind her is the "cow-mother," with a red kerchief pulled far over her brown, cunning face; her deaf-and-dumb daughter has her head out of the window and utters her strange, unearthly sounds.

Nathan is wide awake now, and as lively in the heat as a salamander; he has sprung to the ground, and helps his father to carry in a bale of goods. In a short time they have all disappeared within. The horse and cart stand motionless under the shade of the great linden tree which stretches its grey, dusty limbs over the roof, and I have soon forgotten the little scene and its actors.

It may be an hour later, as I sit in the saloon in half-torpid occupation, that I became conscious of the slow, noiseless opening of the door, just wide enough to admit of a long, drooping nose, a swaying lock of black hair, then a black, glittering eye, framed in a network of wrinkles. Tzigge coughs a low, subdued cough behind a dry, sinewy hand, by way of introduction, then edges an inch or two into the room, showing me his long, greasy gaberdine, held together by a broad leather belt, and a bulged, travel-stained boot. He peers at me out of his wrinkles, and begins in a thin, whining treble, —

"Does the Gnädig' Fräulein want anything to-day? I have here a good stock: woollen and linen goods, prints, calicoes, ribbons, stockings" — he proceeds with a long list in the same melancholy key, whilst his restless eye rolls and dances as if totally independent of the rest of his functions. Presently he drops into a deprecating minor, edging his body another inch into the room.

"Give poor Jew a handsel, lieb' Gnädig' Fräulein; he has not earned a copeck this blessed day. He will sell cheap — dirt cheap, just for a handsel."

"Not to-day, Hirsch; not to-day," I reply; "I told you last time that you and I cannot deal. You took me in shame-

fully with those handkerchiefs: they are not worth half the money."

The Jew lifts his hands as if appealing to the higher powers; he opens his eyes as far as the wrinkles will permit, and raises his voice to the highest, shrillest pitch which is possible to humanity.

"Cheat? Did Fräulein say poor Jew would cheat? But that is what we get. We must travel the country in all weathers to scrape our few copecs to keep body and soul together, and then hear that we cheat! Ah me! ah me!"

His hands fall to his sides and he bows his head until I can see nothing of his face but the bony ridge of his long nose. He looks the quintessence of woe, but I am unmoved, and even break into a smile. I know Tzigge's theatricals too well to be affected by them now.

"Hirsch, you rascal," I say, "you have scraped copecs to a merry tune. They tell me you are as rich as Cræsus. Where did you get the money to build that fine house in Mitau, poor Jew? All of stone, too! It must have cost you a few bushels of copecs." The effect of my words on Tzigge makes me laugh outright. He is the counterpart of Doré's "Reynard the Fox" as he stands, his eyes rolled upwards, and the halter round his neck. He sucks in his thin lips until chin and nose almost meet. A whole minute he stands thus, nor ever utters a sound as he sways himself in his mental distress from toe to heel, from heel to toe. At length his eyes begin to move slowly downwards, until they twinkle in my face.

"Who has told Fräulein this thing?" he whines sorrowfully. "Who has mocked the poor Jew with this story of riches? Ah me, it is a wicked and lying world! But Fräulein jokes, and would be mirthful over the poor Jew"—here he smiles a wan smile. "Well, let be, Hirsch will not take it amiss; he is glad that young Gnädig' Fräulein can laugh and joke. It is well to be merry ere the evil days come."

There is a pause, and the business key is resumed.

"Will Gnädig' Fräulein take a look at my wares? I have some wonderful bargains which I have kept expressly for her inspection. It does not do to let good bargains fall to the herd; there must be some reservation. Fräulein is reasonable, and understands how a bargain is got one time and not another."

It will help away a short spell of the tedium of this weary day, I think, as I remember some trifling requirement, so I

rise and follow in the wake of Tzigge's creaking and odoriferous boots to the housekeeper's room. Here I find the upper servants collected round a table, turning over the stock of gaudy kerchiefs, amongst them old Säfing, her eyes wild, her cheeks flushed. She seizes upon Tzigge the moment he enters.

"Tell me, tell me," she cries, "have you seen him—my Yahn—my husband?"

Tzigge shakes her off impatiently. "Let be, let be, old mother. Have I not told you many times that I know him not?"

Säfing's blue eyes flashed wickedly. "Jew—dog Jew—accursed Jew," she mutters, scraping with her feet and spitting furiously on the floor.

Tzigge brings in more bales, and is never weary of showing and vaunting his merchandise, until at last we arrive at the article I wish to purchase, and business begins.

"Now, Hirsch," I begin with great decision, "I am not going to waste time in bargaining. Name the value—you will not get one copec more from me, and I know its worth exactly—and I will pay you at once. But ask a fraction too much, and I do not buy at all, either to-day or ever again, and I will deal with Pfrsich in the future."

Tzigge fidgets and coughs; his cunning eyes roll and glitter with conflicting emotions. Pfrsich is his bitter enemy and rival; the mere mention of his name in connection with trade is gall and wormwood to the pedlar; yet the ruling passion is mighty in his breast. He spreads out the material, he holds it out to the light in enticing folds, and mutters,—

"Beautiful, beautiful! Ah me, I gave too much for it. This piece will be a dead loss to the poor Jew. I am not like Pfrsich; I cannot buy stuff with an artificial gloss to deceive the eye of my customers. I am too fair-dealing—too honest."

I fold my arms in silent determination, and wait. Tzigge fidgets and mutters anew. When he addresses me his voice is almost tearful in the mournfulness of its whine.

"Perhaps the very Gnädig' Fräulein would be pleased to mention what she will give? Rather than lose her custom, I would present it to Fräulein, though times are hard, the dear God knows, and it is sore work to keep life in the body." He draws a yellow cotton handkerchief from the breast of his gaberdine, and wipes the perspiration from his face.



"I could get it in town for fifty copecs the *aschin*," I reply reflectively, "but I will allow you five copecs extra profit for bringing it out. Five copecs on the *aschin* is a large sum, Hirsch, but you always get over me."

The Jew makes no response. He stands as if struck mute with astonishment and grief. At length he begins in soliloquy: "Fifty-five copecs! Ah heavens! And seventy was the price you paid out of your pocket just because you cannot resist a good article! Ah, Hirsch, did you not forebode that you would never get back the value?"

"I knew how it would be!" I interrupt indignantly. "You might as well ask a Jew not to breathe as not to overreach. I will not take it now at any price!" I do not wait a moment, but flounce out of the room. Ten minutes later, as I am sitting in the saloon with a book, I hear the door creak. It is being opened almost imperceptibly. A low, husky cough and an odor of leather reach my senses, but I make no sign. Then full five minutes elapse in profound silence. I begin to think that the intruder must have lost courage and retired, when a deep sigh undecives me, out of which issues a sepulchral whine.

"Poor Jew is desolate at the way Gnädig' Fräulein takes things. How is he to deal if he is not to speak the truth? Fräulein is hard — too hard."

"Go away," I say, waving my hand peremptorily. "I tell you I will not have the stuff now; I do not want it."

There is a pause, broken by a despondent sniff.

"Seventy copecs is the cost price, bei Gott. Ah me!"

I scorn to reply, but bury my face in my book.

Tzigge grows suddenly animated, he advances a whole step into the room: "Gnädig' Fräulein shall have it below cost price; at a loss of five copecs on the *aschin* to the poor Jew, but I have said it!"

Another pause and a sniff which has desperation in it. "Take it — take it, then, at fifty!" he groans at length.

"I do not want it at any price, I tell you."

But Tzigge is gone. In a minute he reappears, this time with a face suffused by a beaming flood of cheerfulness. He advances quickly on tiptoe — to my side, and resolutely places the material on the table without a word.

I draw out my purse and count out the

money with the like alacrity and smiling good-nature. We exchange friendly adieus, and part on the best of terms.

## PART II.

SILENTLY into the murky haze drops the blood-red ball of the sun. It is a relief to watch him out of sight, for I am sick to death of him. Tzigge's cart still stands under the linden tree, and the dejected-looking horse has got his nose in a bag of hay.

Is this the cool of the evening coming on, I wonder? There is a change in the atmosphere, and my burning skin feels clammy, my garments limp. It is a deception, I know; yet a change of any kind is grateful, and I draw the doubtful vapor into my collapsed lungs. There is a heavy, oppressive stillness without; not a leaf stirs, not a bird has the energy to twit, not an insect hums. I am thinking of the pine forest which faces the sleepy river, and debating whether the effort of a walk thither would be recompensed by its sombre shade, when the door so lately closed by the retiring Tzigge is suddenly opened, not slowly this time, but swiftly, with a perfect assurance, and a well-known apparition, though in its surpassing beauty an ever-fresh wonder to me, crosses the threshold. It is only a Jew boy in a soiled gaberдинe, yet a gleam of glorious sunlight he seems, his heavenly beauty shining from his dingy clothing as brightest ray through a dusky cloud. An inspiration of nature is he, a gem of humanity, the divine expression of a perfect type! And this is Tzigge's son Nathan.

He carries a large wooden box on his shoulders, supported by a leather strap, his cap is off and his rare auburn hair clusters in unkempt splendor, a natural aureola round his head. He advances with the confidence of a spoilt child, and, dropping on his knees, he deposits his box at my feet, with the half-inquiring, half-assured request, "Gnädig' Fräulein will deal?"

"Nathan," I say, thinking of a certain drawer containing writing-paper I can never use from its similitude to blotting-sheet, soap with a confusing mixture of strange odors, buttons enough to serve a lifetime, and a host of other articles of doubtful utility and embarrassing possession, "Nathan, dear lad, I need nothing, absolutely nothing, to-day." Yet I wish from my heart I did, as I put my hand on his beautiful head to temper the refusal.

He turns the brightness of his smiling,

confident eyes to me, and I waver. He opens his sweet, pleading lips with the words, "Yes, she will! good Fräulein always buys of the poor Jew boy." And I am won.

He knows his power, the rogue. Already he has opened his box, and arranges his wares with childish eagerness. It is a strange medley. Cheap trinkets, chocolate, soap of every hue, bottles of cheap scent, mixed sweetmeats, thimbles, scissors, stationery, buttons. Nathan is great in buttons. He lifts one article after another and holds it out at arm's length to tempt his victim, as he flashes upon me such sparkling looks from his large, liquid eyes that language seemed superfluous; but he talks incessantly, with an audacious disregard to the sacred rules of syntax, yet it sounds like the grateful pattering of raindrops falling into a great drought.

"Ah see, lieb' Gnädig' Fräulein! Is it not a lovely device? Fräulein could wear it for years and it would not tarnish. On her neck it would look like gold, and only twenty coppers." It is a brass necklace, a brazen deception, but I buy it.

"Will lieb' Fräulein put it on to try the effect?"

I clasp it on my neck, and am rewarded by a vision of gleaming white teeth, a smile which an artist would have given a world to catch. "Ah, Himmel, how it becomes her!" he exclaims in raptured tones, his curly head on one side.

I smile too and gaze into the radiant face until I wonder if I be not "entertaining an angel unawares." Now a drawer is opened where are the buttons — buttons small, large, round, flat, concave; buttons many-colored, stamped with strange devices; a very museum of buttons.

"Now I will show Fräulein something quite new from Petersburg! Not a merchant in the province has them but myself." He says this in a mysterious whisper as he draws forth a small parcel, unfolds it carefully, and hands me a card of buttons. They are certainly a novelty, for on their white surface a brilliant scarlet May beetle is stamped.

The eager eyes watch my face as I examine them.

"Nicht wahr? Fräulein has never seen like before?" he inquires breathlessly.

"Never, Nathan, never. They are indeed wonderful!"

Nathan claps his hands softly and chuckles delightedly. "Ah, I knew it, I knew it!"

"I think I must secure a dozen of

these," I say with consummate hypocrisy, "before they are sold out."

"Fräulein is wise; they will go like smoke." And my flower of Judah has whipped out his scissors and cuts me off my dozen, which concludes our business.

The quick, nimble fingers arrange the scattered articles in the box, the lid closes with a snap, and the strap is strung across the strong young shoulders. A swift sweep downwards of the beautiful head and I feel the pressure of the rosy lips on my hand. A parting flash from the bright eyes and a softly murmured "Adé, lieb' Fräulein," and he is gone. I turn with a sigh, and note only now that the shadows are gathering and the room has grown gloomy and sombre.

I saunter out on to the verandah, and lean wearily against one of its vine-covered pillars. The landscape is almost hidden in smoke, haze, and the coming darkness. The peasants tramp slowly into the court, each with his milk-barrel strapped to his back. Then Tzigge's gaunt, stooping figure hurries round the corner of the house, followed by Nathan. I watch them pile their bales on the cart and draw over the tarpaulin. Nathan stops to stroke the old nag's cheek, who turns an affectionate nose to him, then father and son mount the driver's seat. The boyish hands grasp the reins and the cart moves heavily away. Once only the joyous face is turned in my direction. The old blue cap, which sits on its owner's head like the crown on the head of a king, is raised, and I see him no more.

Three broiling, consuming weeks have passed over us, and still no rain. The corn hangs bleached on attenuated, straggling stalks to the earth. It would seem as if nature had ceased to make an effort. The peasants are no longer sent to labor in the fields, but go out in detachments to fight with the fiery serpents which devour and lay low the forests. They return with anxious, blackened faces, speaking little, but the women whisper, awe-stricken, of the "black death."

All around us in the little towns the small-pox is raging. It is worst at Mitau. Intelligence reaches us of men and women we have known who have been called between the striking of the hour to ford the black river which separates our consciousness from the terrible mystery of the unknown. At length, when things have got to their worst, when the disease has attacked a child at the mill on our estate, when the crops are ruined and we have

sunk into a sort of morbid indifference, a cloud appears on the horizon. We watch it through a long day on its solemn march, until at the approach of evening comes a mysterious swell in the trees, which increases until the branches rock and creak. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning and a peal of thunder which seems to carry off the top of my skull, and, God be praised, there is the rain! I rush to the verandah step to drink in the sweet, refreshing air, nor heed the heavy drops which wet my head. It is new life! Women run and set their tubs out to catch the stream which gushes from the spouts. Every window is flung open, and lo! through the din of the tempest the sound of wheels falls on my ear, and Tzigge's cart, with Tzigge on the front, a sack thrown over his shoulders, the water running in a continuous stream from the peak of his cap and his drooping nose, drives into the court. I observe at once that he is alone, Nathan is not with him.

He gets awkwardly down as if his limbs were cramped. "Tzigge is getting an old man," I think. He leads the steaming horse to the shelter of a shed, and gives him hay, then turns and walks with bent knees and stooping body towards the side door of the house.

Some time has elapsed, and I still stand watching the descending rain, when I am startled by a low, hoarse cough at my elbow.

What is the matter with the aged Jew? Yes, aged in very truth, with grizzled hair and withered, sunken cheeks, the very ghost of Tzigge. I look into his face with a sudden awe, for I read a tragedy there. Our eyes meet. There is despair and ill-concealed anguish in their restless gaze. He looks away, struggling for composure; his thin lips twitch and quiver, and ere he is aware a feeble moan escapes his breast.

What does it mean, I wonder? And a vague presentiment comes over me—a fear which I thrust aside, but which turns and looks at me with hollow, awful eyes.

Meanwhile Tzigge has manned himself sufficiently to inquire in a sadly diminished whine, "Will Gnädig" Fräulein deal?"

I have not a single requirement in the world that the Jew can supply, but I cannot say no to-day. The society of this humid, greasy, dejected old Jew has a singular fascination for me. I must solve a mystery. I must find out without the terrible effort of an inquiry where—I dare not ask myself what I would know.

I hastily turn over in my mind what I might require, and, having mentioned it, Tzigge leaves me to fetch in the bale. I go to the housekeeper's room, and wait with a dull, incomprehensible pain at my heart. When Tzigge enters I observe with relief that he is quite himself again, and vaunts his wares in the usual business key. "I am all wrong," I think. Have I not yet got accustomed to the pedlar's habitually woe-begone mien? As I turn over the goods I enter into conversation with him. I talk of the weather, the damaged crops, and at length of the small-pox.

"Do you come direct from Mitau?" I ask, with my eyes bent on the material in my hand.

There is a brief pause before Tzigge replies: "Yes, Gnädig" Fräulein, I come from there."

"There have been many fatal cases," I continue, still looking down.

There is no reply. I throw a fearful glance across the table. The Jew's face is ashen grey and he grasps for support at the edge of the table.

Poor Jew! Poor despised Jew, thou, too, art human!

"Tzigge," I say, letting slip the opprobrium in my trouble for the old man, "Tzigge, tell me, what is it?" I go to him and put my trembling hand on his threadbare sleeve. Alas! I know all, even before the words burst from his quivering lips.

"Nathan, Nathan! My son, my God-sent little son!"

I cover my face with my hands, and a vision comes to me. I see a bright, joyous face turned upon me. A faded blue cap is raised, and the vision is gone.

My beautiful Nathan is dead! I find myself repeating it again and again, whilst the rain beats against the window, the distant thunder growls continuously, and the broken-hearted old Jew moans out his anguish in unison.

What can I say to comfort him? "Hirsch," I falter at length, "do not despair like that. He has gone from a weary world full of care to a land where there is neither sorrow nor sighing."

Stale commonplaces these. He heeds them not. He sways his body to and fro whilst moan after moan escapes his breast.

"Think of his sweet face amongst the angels of God," I continue. Then I see that my words are vain; he does not hear them. I go to the window and look out, choking down the lump in my throat. He is better left alone. By degrees the force

of his grief subsides; gasping sighs take the place of moans. At length he steps over to my side and, stooping low, he reverently raises the hem of my skirt to his lips.

"Gnädig' Fräulein was kind to my son Nathan: may the God of my fathers bless her!"

I cannot reply, but silently grasp the long hand extended towards me in blessing.

"Now the foolish old Jew is himself again, Fräulein will forgive his weakness," he says, returning to the table. "How much does she require?" holding up the material I had selected.

I name the quantity. He measures it, divides it from the piece, and for the first and last time in his life, I verily believe, neglects to bargain. I pay him the sum he mentions—not a copek too much, though to-day I would have cheerfully given him whatever he had asked. Tzigge makes me a low bow as he opens the door for me.

"Take heart," I say in reply to his "Adé, Fräulein."

He silently lays a hand on his heart, and I go. An hour later, in passing the door of the housekeeper's room, I hear Tzigge's voice raised to the accustomed shrill treble adopted by him in his dealings with the Lettish servants.

"Not a copek less, I tell you. I sell at a loss. Does she think I pick my merchandise off the roads?"

I smile and sigh as I picture a little mound in that dreary Jewish burial place on the outskirts of Mitau. The father must pass it on his homeward way. The rain has abated, and rugged clouds scud across the sky, whilst ever and anon the level sun darts ardent beams through the rent curtain of the west. Nature is shaking the drops from her purified robe as she turns her sunburnt face upwards in mute thanksgiving. And I wander forth into the sweet, fresh air, drinking in deep draughts of the invigorating exhalations which proceed from the drenched earth and wayside pine. I watch the victory of the sun. He has torn the veil which would conceal his splendor into a thousand fragments and scattered them many-hued over the bright horizon. Now he stretches out glittering arms and clasps his long-neglected earth-bride in a mighty embrace.

Ere I am aware, the grating of wheels is close upon me. I step quickly aside to avoid the splask from the deep cart-ruts, and recognize Tzigge. He sits on

the front of his cart with drooping head, his beard sweeping his knees. I murmur "Good-night," but my voice does not reach him; unconscious of my presence, he passes me by. I stand and look wistfully after the ever-lessening vehicle, until it seems to me like a black hearse upon the horizon, which finally disappears into the burnished gates of the west.

M. EASTWOOD.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE THREE POEMS "IN MEMORIAM."\*

THERE is no question that Lord Tennyson first earned his great fame by his "In Memoriam." It was the appearance of this monody, in 1850, that sent serious and thoughtful men back to his early writings, to see if there was any trace of power there such as might have given promise of a riper maturity; and, to the astonishment of many, a mine of great richness lay open before them, which they had passed by almost unnoticed. But few poets prelude by a monody, though it is a sort of crucial test of ability. Any man whose genius leads him to come forward and write an *In Memoriam* throws it down as a gauntlet at the feet of all critics, and challenges investigation into his literary status and character. In some respects a monody is an utterance which it seems a species of presumption to give to the world at all, being entirely personal and individual in its nature. A man must stand pretty high indeed, to warrant his expecting the public to listen to his wailings with any sort of patience. For the most part they have never seen, perhaps never even heard of, the person who is made the subject of all these outpourings. The world, they think, is very wide, and abounds with many good men worthy of a tribute, who never get any; and they naturally consider the homage accorded to a dead man somewhat superfluous, and, it may be, somewhat too strained. The monody therefore—except in the case of a great public character—wants the essential ingredient of interest, and the choice is rather a dangerous one to make, even in the case of a beloved friend. Byron's monody on Sheridan, whom he met only as a boon companion at dinner, is tame and uninteresting, although the subject of it was a

\* 1. *Lycidas*. By John Milton. 1637.

2. *Adonais*. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1821.

3. *In Memoriam*. By Alfred Tennyson. 1850.

writer, and a distinguished public man. We can hardly, indeed, remember at this moment a good monody worth a second reading, except the three we have placed at the head of this article, and they are all marked by distinct characteristics of merit.

The monody has come down to us from antiquity, like almost every other good thing, and is akin to the elegy, which probably preceded it. The finest and most spirit-stirring elegy we know of — but then it applies to a whole nation — is that repeated by Demosthenes in his speech "*De Corona*," as having been composed for the dead after the battle of Chæronea. In mournful sublimity it is unsurpassed, and sounds on the ear as the dying requiem of the departing glory of Greece, which has made her last effort, and will never rise again. This habit of wailing, we fancy, was rather pleasing, or, it may be, rather comforting, to the Hellenic people, for all the Greek tragedies abound in it. Nothing shows the supreme mastery of Sophocles more than the fact that he is able to keep up the sad strain of Electra — which is in point of fact a monody — through an entire drama without tiring us. Of course, where an individual mourns for himself, the strain ceases to be an *In Memoriam* "Childe Harold" would be a magnificent monody if any other poet had poured out his distress for Byron, as he has poured it out there on his own behalf. We may add, that two fine examples of Greek prose have come down to us, which might almost be called monodies — the "*Apologia*" of Plato, and the "*Memorabilia*" of Xenophon — were it not that the writers manfully repress their sorrow for their friend and master, leaving the reader, however, probably more heart-sick than themselves. A monody is assuredly a theme to evoke great powers, but we fear it should only be attempted by the hand of a practised master.

In the case of the three persons who form the subjects of the monodies of Milton, Shelley, and Tennyson, two of them were almost unknown, and the fame of the third was only known among the poets of his day. We have learnt to appreciate Keats since his death, and his fame is enhanced by Shelley's magnificent tribute to his memory. Shelley's splendid transfigurations, indeed, would set off the greatest being that ever lived — nay, they are almost too good for mortal man: but then Shelley could never keep himself within reasonable bounds. He delighted to soar, and the dead-weight of Keats both kept

him down, and afforded him a clear and direct purpose to descend upon. With such ballast his car moves so steadily and with such unbroken progress to the close, that the "Adonais" may well be pronounced the most perfect of all his efforts; and perhaps in respect of genius it deserves the post of honor among the three. Nowhere do we find among his works more magnificent handling, or a finer display of that power of going out of himself which Shelley possessed in a greater degree than any modern poet. Of Milton's subject, Edward King, who was drowned in his twenty-fifth year on the passage from Chester to Dublin, we know nothing, except that he was the son of Sir John King, secretary for Ireland, and the college friend of the poet, and that both were at one time intended for holy orders. To him, therefore, the case of Arthur Henry Hallam, the friend of Tennyson, bears a much closer parallel than that of Keats, both being fellow-collegians, though there was some disparity in respect of age. The "In Memoriam" consequently may be compared with the "Lycidas;" and we see in more than one place that Tennyson evidently had it in his mind; but there is not the slightest trace of the influence of the "Adonais." On the contrary, the "In Memoriam" may be safely pronounced the antithesis of the "Adonais" — we had almost said, the antidote to it — in respect both of the mode of treatment and the moral impression it leaves finally on the mind. We are certainly not soothed after reading Shelley — perhaps we may be even a little indignant at our fate; but in the case of the tribute of Tennyson we believe we are all the better for having read and duly weighed these several stanzas, and we promise ourselves on finishing them that we shall not forget to read them again; for we seem to have been associating with some good beadsman, who has not been forgetful to breathe a prayer for us all.

To justify an *In Memoriam* there must always be a strong friendship, and that too the friendship of younger years. There must also be a deprivation, and the nipping of a beautiful bud of promise — if suddenly and unexpectedly, all the fitter, at least for the theme. In this respect Milton had the advantage, as his friend was drowned in the prime of life, at an utterly unforeseen moment; whereas Keats was languishing in consumption, and his hour of reckoning had been summed up. In the case of Arthur Henry Hallam, though his was not a tragic end-



ing, the shock seems to have come by surprise upon everybody, most of all upon his own father. The subject, therefore, afforded every material to justify the anguish of an admirer and a friend; and perhaps in respect of sincerity and truth the tribute of Tennyson is the most accurate and the least exaggerated of the three. We fancy, however, that Milton has most touched the chord of sympathy within us, and we feel, even at this distance of time, a greater wrench on reading the "Lycidas." The solemnity of the opening is singularly touching:—

Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter in the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

The prelude of Shelley, on the contrary, is indignant. He makes an almost hysterical call on all to join—

O weep for Adonais! though our tears  
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!

Yes, to weep for him "until the future dares forget the past." His weeping, however, is not a soothing flow, but rather "fiery tears;" for Adonais is gone where all things fair and wise must descend. Do not be so weak as to think he will be restored to the vital air—no:

Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at  
our despair!

The opening of Tennyson, on the other hand, resembles one of old Chaucer's prayers in its spirit of calmness, and he commences by admitting the chastening hand of love, which, although we see it not, we embrace by faith—

Believing where we cannot prove.

Nay, this very loss will be our stepping-stone to higher things; and out of the waste of mourning will bloom the consolation even of the suffering to come.

The openings therefore of the three poems, as soon as the several key-notes have been struck, show not only the different tone in which the subject is approached, but the very temperament of the writers themselves; and the same strain is continued to the close in each. Shelley's pessimism breaks out at every turn. He does not cease to protest, by an appeal to all the powers of reason and imagination, against the great wrong mankind and the world have suffered by this stroke of fate. Milton never forgets the personality of his friend. At every solemn pause he turns to throw another

laurel on the bier, until it is heaped with fallen leaves which are not meant to wither; and he leaves it rather to ourselves to draw a useful lesson on the wisdom of calm resignation. But the author of the "In Memoriam" seeks to get us to unfold our own breasts by laying open his own, and would make us converts to his way of thinking. Nature indeed mourns, as becomes her; but man, superior to nature in his immortal aspect, must consent rather to learn a lesson: and this lesson of the *omnia vanitas* of life is imparted in the several stanzas which follow, which are in the nature of deep and searching self-examination, after the manner of St. Augustine and such early fathers of the Church as made the subjective faculty in man their primary study. Another remarkable feature in Tennyson, regarded as a self-questioning poet, is that we have little or nothing in the abstract: he views the world and all that inhabit it almost entirely in the concrete. On the other hand, in Shelley we have much of the abstract contemplation of things. All Tennyson's characters are representative merely of individuals. He rarely gives us a species, and never on any occasion presents to our view humanity under a single type. His Ulysses is the Ulysses of the Odyssey; his St. Simeon Stylites only a mad recluse. Perhaps it is for this reason that the "In Memoriam" is not so stirring, and is more of an exercise to read than the other two; but it is at least a profitable exercise, and a single reading will neither suffice to do justice to it, nor enable us to embrace the full depth and purport of the self-enquiry undertaken apparently with the view of purifying and perfecting the soul. A wholesome comfort, indeed, is the main object of these inner homilies. We are taught that it is rational to suffer, for such losses are common to all:—

Too common! Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break.

This is a turn of phraseology worthy of Dante,\* whom Tennyson in his serious moods most resembles of all modern poets—even to that incapacity to travel out of himself, which marked the manner of the great Florentine. When we say, "to travel out of himself," let us not be misunderstood. We mean that the self-communing spirit is so strong in both, that it prevents their ever being frank or

\* "A mezzo Novembre non giunge  
Quel che tu d'Ottobre fili."

*Il Purgatorio.*

taking the reader fully into their confidence. There is in both, either more or less, a sort of rigid, almost obstinate reticence, far removed from egotism, but still so self-absorbing as to make us almost complain of a want of frankness of nature—the impulsive frankness of Shakespeare, for instance, or the free communion of Byron, who even pushes it to the extreme. Shakespeare never writes to please himself, but to charm the spectator: he therefore moves completely out of himself for the time; but Dante and Tennyson, we fancy, have always an eye upon themselves as the "audience fit though few." This constitutes an obvious defect as regards comprehensiveness; for, however great and stirring the theme may be, the man who will not consent to make the whole world kin will always have a narrower, though perhaps a more select, circle of admirers. It is in his serious efforts especially that Tennyson shows this characteristic faculty most; but we even fancy that the ring of "Locksley Hall," the finest perhaps of all his minor efforts, was not primarily intended to echo very far beyond the reach of his own ear. It is the self-communing of the inner spirit which has unconsciously allowed itself in an unguarded moment to break the bounds.

The quality to which we refer is entirely absent from the muse of antiquity. It has no place whatever in Homer. He stands, as it were, on a high pedestal before the world and proclaims aloud his inspiration—in fact, he fits his inspiration to the wants and wishes of his audience rather than to his own choice or likings. Such a poet will ever possess a more universal sway over the human mind, and over all time, than those who are purely subjective. In the case of Shakespeare we have the two conditions occasionally intermixed; but as a general rule he gives forth his utterances, so to speak, oratorically, and as it were from a lofty stage, with all humanity in full view before him. He is not self-absorbed, but liberal and expansive. The first instance we recognize of the high employment of this reflective quality in modern poetry is in Dante, the meaning of whose "mystic, unfathomable song" still remains in many of its parts a sealed book, even to critics of his own nation, who have formed different interpretations of his meaning. The question sometimes arises, Did Dante himself always fully comprehend the exact purport of his mutterings? This is a moot point; and for our part we incline

to believe that the intense habit of self-communing tends, more or less, to mystification, and leaves behind either a doubtful or a double meaning. This must be regarded as an unquestionable defect, even in poetry. A poet's thoughts should not be dark, but flash like a Pharos light upon the page, unmistakable, pregnant, overpowering, in their clear illumination. In their best form they should be like the impression given by a first love at first sight—the most vivid and irresistible that ever occurs, though after-converse may develop qualities that did not then strike us. The loveliness of that impression never recurs; for things of beauty are like flowers—they only bloom once, however they may afterwards expand. So with the best effusions of the poet's mind, we hold that the effect must be instantaneous: where we hesitate to take in the idea, or have to deliberate about the meaning, it evinces rather a want of power than a potency of the *mens divinator*. Obscurity, therefore, must be regarded as an unquestionable defect in poetry; though there are certain minds—the German among others—which especially delight in unriddling the mysteries of subjective spirits. But the tendency is by no means confined to the Germans; for all Petrarch's sonnets are full of the same characteristics—showing a quality which in truth almost degenerates into a trick; for while the author professes to unfold to us the inner man, in reality he is most reticent, and reserves for himself the full esoteric revelation. This, we think, is hardly fair, and, to make use of a French phrase, hardly consistent with *savoir vivre*: but Ariosto never sins on this score, and therefore we love the man. In Milton's early effusions, such as "Comus" and "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," there is no trace of this quality; but the "Paradise Lost" abounds in meditative self-absorption; to such an extent, that so good a critic as Dr. Johnson went so far as to pronounce it a somewhat dull book on the whole. He did not undertake to analyze the matter or to search for the cause, but we suspect it lies, not so much in the nature of the subject, as in the excess of the employment of the subjective faculty. Byron, as we have said, is by temperament and manner almost free from the charge; and where he indulges in it he has no concealments, but proclaims his subjectivity of thought with a loud voice to all mankind. Shelley is perhaps the frankest poet the world has ever seen. He is ashamed of no confession, either

good or bad; hence sometimes we are delighted, and sometimes shocked. But, we may rely on it, those poets who can go out of themselves and consent to make the whole world kin, from Homer downwards, are for eternity, and will always hold the first place. We may profit much by overhearing the suppressed but fervent prayer of a good man on his knees; but assuredly we feel a higher sense of satisfaction — much more of the *sursum corda* — on receiving a benediction from the pulpit with uplifted hands in presence of a vast congregation of which we are permitted to form a part.

The leading characteristic in Milton's "Lycidas" is his overflowing reminiscence of the classics and their happy adaptation to some of the incidents of his college friend's career; though we detect here and there the too nice search for gems, which, although choice in their way, do not come spontaneously, but are either more or less made use of as mosaic work, and are the effect of study and reference. This disposition to borrow greatly developed with Milton in after time, when we find in some of his works almost literal translations from the Greek, or Greek imagery and allusions travestied. Of course we never tire of being reminded of the existence of this magnificent mine of wealth, but we are still forced to remember that it is neither original nor is the working of it entirely Milton's own. The man who most of all shook himself free from all indebtedness to classic sources, and even unconsciously rivalled them on their own ground, was Shakespeare, some of whose similes are truly Homeric; as where he describes Mercury "bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds" and mortals falling back to gaze upon him; or where the same god displays his ineffable beauty of form when he suddenly lights upon "a heaven-kissing hill;" or where he designates the inhabitants of Olympus as "the perpetual sober gods" — a phrase which is at once Homeric and Lucretian. Milton, however great his instinct of resorting to the sacred source, certainly never improved upon the classics; but, although the declaration may sound like heresy in the ears of scholars, we venture to affirm that Shakespeare hardly ever touched a classical allusion which he did not improve or beautify; and just as such Grecians as Gibbon could always read Pope's "Homer" with pleasure and pronounce it to be an incomparable work, so the most recondite scholar in the world may take delight in the refreshing classicism

evolved out of the seething imagination of the great dramatist. Milton is at best only one who gives us a gentle reminder of the richness of the ancient source, and no one does it better or more learnedly; but let us at least accord the praise where the praise is due. It is not overdone; but it adds nothing to his fame as a poet. Shelley too was classic in his way; and his handling of the translation of one of the pseudo-Homeric hymns is a real masterpiece. But the classical allusions in his poetry generally are on the whole modest and unpretentious, and we would even wish to see more of them; but then his supreme faculty of transfiguration makes him wholly independent of all such imagery, and he has no difficulty in making a theogony for himself. This power of transfiguration, which seems akin to the painter's art, is seen at its highest and brightest in the "Adonais," and nothing can be more vivid and spirit-stirring than those descriptions in which he makes pass in long procession before us the leading geni of the hour, who almost seem to have shared the fate of the mourned one, as they rise as it were from their graves like phantoms, after "Sorrow with her family of Sighs," "lost Echo," "pale Ocean," and "the young Spring wild with grief," have made their sign. Here he gives the first place to the nameless Byron — "the Pilgrim of Eternity" — who comes,

veiling all the lightnings of his song.

But the most impressive and interesting figure in the whole picture is where Shelley introduces himself, and certainly in no very flattering terms: —

Midst others of less note, came one frail  
Form,  
A phantom among men; companionless —

. . . . .  
A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift;  
A Love in desolation masked; a Power  
Girt round with weakness.

But although gentle in his motions, and even fantastic in his weeds of mourning, all stand aloof in a sort of stupor or hesitation, and feel an obvious want of confidence regarding the apparition — doubtful whether they should pity or condemn; until Shelley decides the point for them, and relieves their painful suspense: —

"Who art thou?"

He answered not, but with a sudden hand,  
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow  
Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh, that  
it should be so!

The forlorn repentant spirit of the last words almost absolves the poet from the charge of that impiety into which his search for the sublime and the memory of his sufferings had led him. It is no discredit to the poet laureate to say that he has never reached this high flight — never so moved or harrowed us as Shelley has done in the "Adonais." Shakespeare alone has possessed this electric power, as where he makes Romeo at the tomb of Juliet embrace the man whom he has just slaughtered, on discovering that both were the admirers of the same idol, brothers in affliction, names writ together "in sour sour misfortune's book."

When we turn again to Milton, we see how finely he runs over the whole scale of allusions, bringing in artistically all the happy memories of their union and friendship, and associating impassive nature and dumb animals in the common grief. He reaches perhaps his highest flight where he alludes to the bright promise given by the culture and genius of his friend, and points to the vanity of the pursuit of fame, which is at once the spur to great actions and "that last infirmity of noble minds." But all such hopes are perishable things; for just when we are about to triumph, then

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred  
shears  
And slits the thin-spun life!

There is something both sweet and sad in the picture he gives of the general sorrow which overspreads the face of nature — not coming in gloom and dejection, but mourning her worshipper in her choicest attire — the cowslip hanging its pensive head, and the daffodils filling their cups with tears. Nothing is harsh, nothing complaining, in his song, except indeed the backward glance he throws at the growing superstitions of the Church — "the grim wolf with privy paw" which eats up the food the good shepherd has provided. Milton's harshness, as we all know, followed not long after, when he himself underwent a second fall, when he became Latin secretary to the Commonwealth, and when he was terribly outraged at the idea of mercy being shown to kings. The conclusion of the "Lycidas" is by far the most hopeful of the three; for we see that there is a rehabilitation not far off. Though the day-star may "sink in the ocean bed," yet on the morrow he will "repair his drooping head," rising brighter than ever. And so Milton, shaking off all signs of care, as if half ashamed of his

weakness, rises with a serene brow, bids us weep no more for Lycidas; for in his loss there is compensation, —

Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

And accordingly he cheerfully leads the way, beckoning us to "fresh woods and pastures new." We also think Milton has preserved the finest balance in the expression of his regret, and that his poem must be considered the most perfect in the harmony of its construction and in artistic finish, as well as the most consistent with the nature of the subject, the pure character of the subsisting friendship, and the apparent resemblance between the characters of the living and the dead. We will close this section by observing that Milton had not the advantage of having a model to work from, as in the case of his two successors, who may have had their eyes upon him. Spenser's "Elegy of Astrophel" hardly comes within the category; and even had Milton followed it, the imitation would not perhaps have been fortunate.

Tennyson's monody obviously suffers from its want of connection and continuity, being portioned off into separate stanzas. We cannot even take upon us to say, that it was all written at the same time. Its desultory pauses bear evidence to the contrary; and no one for a moment will doubt that the introductory stanzas, dated 1849, sixteen years after the death of his friend, are much freer in their flow, and show a greater mastery over the language, than those which follow. The subsequent stanzas seem like jottings written down, as fitful memories and thick-coming fancies rose upon him. The "In Memoriam" certainly marks a new departure in his style and manner of writing. The ideas may be nearly the same, but the treatment is different. He has here renounced the *abandon* of his nonage, and resolves to be for the future more reticent and involved. Perhaps the sneers of some inconsiderate critics, and the jealousy of one author of a wide reputation in imaginative prose composition, may have impelled him in this direction; but we are inclined to think it was an unfortunate choice, and that Tennyson's moral courage — if he really did yield to the pressure — should have risen above all this. Henceforth, no recurrence of his beautiful creations: no more sweet Claribels, modest Isabels, ever constant Marianas; nay, not even a gushing

Ceone — at once a Circe and a victim — every one of them truly English however. Well may we exclaim with the poet-laureate himself: —

Bliss was it in that dawn to live, —  
But to be young was very heaven.

We sometimes ask ourselves, did the world suddenly change when the "In Memoriam" was composed? for assuredly, when we look around and search for the types of the early poems, we find them nowhere. We do not think this change of conception and ideal in Tennyson's dream of fair women was the result of his maturity; but partly the result of study and of the new departure to which we have referred, and partly, it may be, that the types from which he drew his early portraits have been fast fading from the scene in which we are all permitted to play a part. We question very much if we could so easily find even a Lady Clara Vere de Vere in our daily travels nowadays — cold exemplar of beauty though she be. Many possibly would hardly object to be slighted by such a proud beauty, so long as they were allowed to look upon her like. Beyond doubt a great social revolution has taken place since the ways of our Claribels — perhaps even of the "miller's daughter" — were made known to us. Tennyson, painting truly from nature around him, was, after all, only another Petitot, whose enamels we certainly still possess, but nothing more. But there is not only a change of the model; there is also as marked a change in the manner and style of the drawing. The language of "Maud" and the "Idylls" is far more involved — so involved indeed, at times, that the idea is not quite taken in at a glance. We feel and know that there is depth in the idea, but it is by no means apparent at first sight, and sometimes it requires to be reconsidered before we can get at the whole purport. This we must frankly regard as a great defect in every species of literary composition, whether poetry or prose. No expression can ever be too clear. Even by Tennyson's own confession, the poet's mind should be "bright as light and clear as wind;" and assuredly the linguistic impress of that clear thought should have its clear embodiment for him who reads. The most clear poetic enunciator we possess is Lord Byron. His thoughts are often deep, but never obscure. Though a second reading may show them to be more pregnant, we have never to pause in order to search for the mean-

ing. Byron is also one of the most spontaneous of poets; and spontaneity must be regarded as the very essence of poetry. Nothing can surpass the spontaneity of Homer, for instance, who enters with a sudden rush, and never ceases in his pace until he carries us along with him to the close. No word-fitting in the Iliad, no search for antique phraseology, no fear of critics. From beginning to end the Iliad is a spontaneous production. If there is a pause, it is where Homer condescends to be technical, and where we detect his master weakness; for an anatomical description of the human body, or the niceties of an art, were to him what a quibble was to Shakespeare. This love of shining in technical details we find in no other Greek author whomsoever. We almost fancy we could convict Homer of being the sole author of the entire Iliad from this irrepressible display of vanity. But when we speak of the merits of spontaneity, we must remember that the Iliad was not composed for the closet or the armchair, but was committed to memory, chanted *viva voce*, and intended for the ear. The more sedentary, therefore, we become, with the progress of society or whatever we choose to call the fitful displacements of human activity, the more are we in danger of losing this gift of spontaneity; unless indeed the poet will throw himself manfully into the world, frequent the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and incur the risk of getting the reputation for preferring loose ways; or will run the gauntlet defiantly, like Byron, and ruin his constitution and peace of mind. Among the many true and forcible sayings which that acute observer of human nature and society, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, has recorded, we find one apt to our purpose here, and even an aid to criticism. "It would appear," says he, "that nature has hidden in the depths of our mind certain talents and a skill of which we are ignorant: it is the passions alone which have the power to bring them into light, and to give us sometimes views more certain and more finished than art can ever do." All we wish to affirm is, that the sedentary habit brings with it a certain selfish tendency to minute self-examination and the love of psychological investigation, which we have described as "the inability to go out of oneself" — a want of that natural expansiveness which is alike a duty and an accomplishment. Perhaps society may even live to see the day when the devout — or perhaps what we might call after the classic mode



"the infuriated" — worshippers of poetry will sigh over the discovery of the use of the reed and the papyrus, and wish to get back to the age when the rhapsodist was independent of all resources, and could repeat a thousand verses at a stretch.

We cannot say that Tennyson has made such a bold step forward as regards originality, in the construction of the "In Memoriam," as Shelley has assuredly done. In respect of original handling, most will agree that the "Adonais" deserves the palm among the three. Shelley is here far more independent than Milton, whose subjection to classicism is apparent in all his productions. The characteristics of the "Adonais" are fire, and the redundancy of sentiment and imagery, gorgeous in its glow, if not quite in the best taste. It might fitly indeed be the monody of an emperor, rather than of a retired, carped-at poet, whose end was possibly hastened by a want of public appreciation. You may here pick out countless gems, and nowhere in any of Shelley's writings is the language finer or nobler, or the interest so well sustained. In respect of gems to be picked out, the "In Memoriam" is by no means rich. It must be read, not for its sparkle, but as a whole; and, as Lord Bacon has advised regarding a certain species of books, it deserves to be "weighed and considered." Its predominant character is its spirituality and religious tone. Tennyson has here disclosed once and forever to the world the eternal gravity of his personal character, just as Shakespeare has displayed his latent love of fun in the language he puts into the mouth of Pistol and Lucio. We almost fancy — despite the nature of the theme — that it is this excess of gravity which constitutes the possible blemish of the "In Memoriam." If we had a little of the flash and extravagance of Shelley, it would perhaps have been a relief; and we all know that in a long stretch "staying power" is a quality much more severely tested where the effort is somewhat up-hill. But this seriousness to which we allude may possibly have resulted from the shock given him by the loss of his friend, which operated in producing a sort of *recueillement* of the whole mental faculties, throwing them back on more sombre contemplations. In these reflections he seems to wrestle with himself like Dante — sometimes half-revealing, sometimes repressing his emotions, as the ideas which "lie in the lake of his heart" \* well up, and become, as

\* "Nel lago del cor." — Tennyson, however, is quite

free from the materialism of sentiment which abounds both in Dante and Milton, a quality certainly not to be attributed to any classic influence, as the tendency of the ancients was, not to give a material form to ideas, but to spiritualize material things.

it were, materially colored by the memories he seeks severally to recall. The writer of an *In Memoriam*, however, has a severe task imposed upon him. He is compelled to moralize like the chorus in the ancient drama, under the disadvantage of being sole speaker, and without any aid from the changes and enlivenments of side action. Shelley has managed this better, by giving us occasionally a series of brilliant transfigurations like the shifting scenes of a drama. But however well handled, all such poems suffer more or less from the fact that the reader, not being an actual friend of the deceased, can never rise to the height of the agony of the poet who describes his virtues. To the majority of readers such outpourings will seem exaggerated, which to a friend are only natural, and a debt due from the survivor. But in this task — that of bringing the stranger and unimpassioned reader abreast of your own feelings — lies the very pith and proof of execution; and the author who succeeds best in this respect will in the opinion of many be entitled to bear the palm, for the effort is made under great disadvantage, and is somewhat of the nature of a *tour de force*. We fancy we rather like the character of Milton's subject best, from what he has recorded of him. There is more reality, and we can grasp the man, while Tennyson's outline is but a faint and subdued one. On the other hand, Shelley has succeeded best in exalting the man he celebrates. We certainly think Keats a far greater being after reading the "Adonais," than merely from having read the "Endymion." We are also able to read it through at a sitting, though we may feel startled by the audacity and thrilled with emotion — sometimes even unpleasantly; but Tennyson's tribute is better taken up from time to time and read in detached parts. This however does not testify to any dulness — certainly not to any want of power, but rather to the weight and solidity of the matter. Perhaps it is owing to the abundance of the same quality that Dr. Johnson complained of in "Paradise Lost" — the insistence as regards a moral end and aim; for, in point of fact, the "In Memoriam" is a *memento mori* throughout. Once more recurring to Greek parallels, we would just observe, that the injunction

to remember our latter end was not a predominant theme with the Hellenic race; but something akin to it was always cropping up in their proverbial sayings, and finds frequent repetition in their dramas: this was the injunction, *μηδὲν ἀλβίζειν* — do not put your trust in the certain duration of human happiness. Yet the Greeks were a people the very reverse of grave, cheerful in spirit, though given to reflection.

In respect of good English, nothing can be more perfect and choice than the language of the "In Memoriam;" but this is a quality in which Tennyson has always been supreme among his fellows and contemporaries. We have no objectionable neologisms, still less anything that shows the trace of carelessness; though we think that the longer he lives the more does he incline to fall back on standard archaisms, for which there was not the slightest need, inasmuch as the language of his earliest poems is almost faultless in its perfection. We even sometimes fancy that this resort to archaic modes of expression — this frequent search for the

Outstretched metre of an antique song —

has not added either to the force or ease of his later efforts. Our modern language is quite rich and powerful enough to do its work; and we must remember that Shakespeare has laid it down in one of his sonnets, not that old rhyme is beautiful, but that the subject itself — "beauty makes beautiful old rhyme." We think also there is something resembling an excess of caution exhibited in his later progress, as if he felt assured of fame and feared by a false step to lose it. But some of these archaic turns are very pleasing, as where he alludes in the "In Memoriam" to the charm of friendly recognition, when the lost one, on his imagined return,

Should strike a sudden hand in mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home.

Here again follows fine language where the thought is somewhat obscure, if indeed it is not commonplace, —

O me! what profits it to put  
An idle case? If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut.

If the reflection means more than that the sight of life is always more lovely than death, the force of the idea is not at first apparent; and further consideration of

the subject does not add either to the truth or pith of the observation. Involutions of language indeed are always justified by the deep workings of the spirit, as in Hamlet's soliloquy, or where the mind of Achilles is described as being divided between two opposing impulses,\* when, laying his hand on his sword, he debates with himself whether or not he will kill Agamemnon for his insolence, and his indecision is only solved by the appearance of Pallas Athena. We must always remember also that language is only the reflex of the antecedent thought, which is really the important thing to consider.

We can almost fancy that Tennyson had a reminiscence of Shelley when he makes the following allusion to the denial of a future life, and that all we see is but

Fantastic beauty; such as lurks  
In some wild Poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.

One objection to the work consists in the desultoriness of the reflections, which are not linked together; but this is a fault also in the "Adonais," and perhaps is allowable in order to diversify the subject. The following passage may aptly be compared with one of Shelley's: —

But thou art turned to something strange,  
And I have lost the links that bound  
Thy changes; here upon the ground,  
No more partaker of thy change.

This is a fine poetic turn; for a more prosaic writer would have put the sentiment inversely, and said of the dead, not of the living, that *he* partook no more of change. The living man remains here as it were stationary in solitary mourning, while the departed spirit is passing through, it may be, a host of incomprehensible changes. But the reader is never left, even for a moment, without good and sound advice by way of consolation, and accordingly he is exhorted: —

Hold thou the good: define it well:  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procress to the Lords of Hell.

No encouragement therefore must be given to self-dependent thought; man must have a guide, and a good one, to curb the "sins of will" and "the defects of doubt." Contrast this with one of Shelley's wild outbursts of complaint: —

\* *Iliad*. I. 188-9:

*ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ  
στήθεσσιν ἁσίοισι διάνδιχα μεμῶριζεν.*

This is perhaps the first formal attempt in the Greek language to analyze a conception.

Whence are we, and why are we? of what  
scene  
The actors or spectators?

To this he finds no adequate answer, but  
simply concludes that

As long as skies are blue, and fields are  
green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the  
morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake  
year to sorrow.

Even the melody is incomparable, and so  
soothing that we are almost lulled by it to  
forget the harshness of the sentiment.  
But Tennyson deals with the hand of  
affliction differently, and, personifying the  
sentiment, he asks with all the tenderness  
of a lover:—

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me  
No casual mistress, but a wife,  
My bosom friend and half of life;  
As I confess it needs must be?

Here Shelley would have made Sorrow  
reply, most probably with great harsh-  
ness, and at least he would have pursued  
the theme, arguing the point *pro* and *con.*;  
but in Tennyson's case Sorrow so invoked  
makes no sign, and the poet passes on to  
a new theme. On another occasion we  
have something that takes us back to  
Lycidas; for both subjects seem to have  
dreamed of greatness:—

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self-infolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name.

But still abundant space is left for human  
deeds in endless ages: the world there-  
fore should not grudge the loss of one  
who might have left his mark had he lived  
a little longer.

In these days, when the critical faculty  
is so busily at work to detect plagiarisms  
in authors, perhaps the least of any liable  
to such a charge, it has just struck us  
here to ask, how much Henry Heine, who,  
we see, is again coming into favor, owed  
to his frequent perusal of Shelley—we  
do not refer to his unpleasant flippancy  
regarding things divine, for Shelley on  
that ground was never flippant, but as  
regards his language and ideas. What  
reader of Heine has not been struck with  
that beautiful image in his works, when,  
watching by the seaside the skies of Hol-  
land fleeting overhead, he speaks of the  
fleecy clouds as "daughters of the air"?  
And yet the idea had been far better ex-  
pressed by Shelley long before in "The  
Revolt of Islam,"—

The ethereal shapes . . .  
those fair daughters,  
The clouds, of Sun and Ocean.

There is also, it must be confessed, an  
obvious loss of harmony in Tennyson's  
later works—"Maud," and the "Idylls"  
—as compared with what he now, in his  
safe elevation, would perhaps call his Ju-  
venilia. This want of harmony is still  
more apparent in his dramas, where there  
is even a lack of cadence as compared  
with the great masters of that art. And  
yet, if we remember well, the ring of his  
early verse was sweetly melodious, free  
in its movement, soothing, and sometimes  
even stirring, as Sir Philip Sidney thought  
a good ballad should always stir us—"as  
with the sound of a trumpet." If we still  
have power, and that is undeniable, we  
also miss that quaint and quiet elegance,  
which was both original and natural.  
This marked change unquestionably re-  
sults from the causes we have mentioned.  
After the "In Memoriam," Alfred Ten-  
nyson became a learned and almost meta-  
physical poet. His epic treatment of the  
legend of King Arthur, compared even  
with Dryden's dithyrambic contribution,  
can hardly be said to be sympathetically  
moving. A national poet, it may be sup-  
posed, might here have warmed himself  
up into saying something about the val-  
iant resistance made by his countrymen—  
might possibly have made it the primary  
motive. We have indeed a beautiful and  
graphic picture of ancient chivalry, and  
perhaps as fine a moral tone as pervades  
the *Odyssey* itself; but we have no  
enthusiasm. The author of "Ænone"  
and the "Ulysses" was quite equal to  
have accorded us that; but we never hear  
the tones of the lyre, which either among  
gods or men is always supposed to be a  
necessary accompaniment to verse, and  
indeed an instrument which a poet should  
never have out of his hand. The effect  
of this, the greatest effort of his muse, is  
certainly not spirit-stirring. All through-  
out, though figures and images of beauty  
pass and repass before us, is still

Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.

It is not our business here to criticise  
the "Idylls of the King," but the gen-  
eral conclusion seems to be, that it is a  
sound and unique performance—a com-  
plete and exhaustive picture of a possible  
mediæval society. The personages are  
not only heroic, but regal, and stand apart  
from ordinary mortals in their power of  
passive endurance and the depth of their

inner but half-suppressed emotions. Its great originality is manifest from the fact that it bears no resemblance to any existing epic, unless we might instance the *Nibelungenlied*. And yet there is the unmistakable *couleur locale* of Britain throughout—a Britain, indeed, of the imagination, where history furnishes us with no clue, and yet where we seem to wander on not unfamiliar ground, and feel that we can claim a sort of kinship with the beings described. Here gems abound in golden lines of good counsel, where the moral tone of the writer rises above the characters whose speech he dignifies by his language. Its superiority as a pure poetic creation is at once attested by a comparison with the "King Arthur" of Lord Lytton, who has attempted to tread the same magic ground.

A want of free expansion and a measured slowness of movement are the inevitable consequences of research, and of the habit, too much indulged, of psychological self-analysis; for we all know that a poet may, and often does, exercise a self-analysis by dissecting the breasts of the figures he passes in review. Both Dante and Shakespeare have done this—not designedly, however—and perhaps the tendency is inevitable in all cases. Hence there is the supreme danger of subsiding into mere monologue, when the thoughts, however good, do not flash upon us like the signal seen from the watch-tower in the "Agamemnon," waking up our sleepy senses, but smoulder faintly, occasionally springing into life, only to be soon lost in obscurity, or to become extinct again. Tennyson's later manner of handling his themes, when we put out of sight the archaisms, most resembles the style of Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini" in its dreamy monotony. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, if we are more pleased when in the "In Memoriam" he takes one parting look—the last almost he ever takes—at his old loves, and brings them again upon the scene. Thus, when he describes the betrothal, and the marriage that is to be, by making it a consummation in his dreams; the putting on of the ring,

The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again  
The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain  
Her sweet "I will" has made ye one;

and the signing of the names in the parish register, poetically described as

names which shall be read,  
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,  
By village eyes as yet unborn;

we feel a little restored, and begin to breathe more freely. But where he gives us the picture of the bride and bridegroom passing out in full view of the happy faces around, and we are in the actual presence of the

maidens of the place,  
That pelt us in the porch with flowers,

Tennyson is himself again. We fancy that even now there are some English maidens who would be inclined to pelt the poet-laureate after this very fashion for keeping them so long from visionary revivals of "sweet pale Margarets" and "Eleānores," and the sly musings of Edwin Morris on the subject of matrimonial delights, written when Alfred Tennyson was of opinion that

God made the woman for the use of man.

Even in an *In Memoriam* he could no more forget his early tendencies, than could Shelley forget the dangerous ground he had persistently cultured even from his boyhood, when in the "Adonais" he once more gives us many a reminiscence of his prevailing sentiment regarding the injustice of the providential ordering of things, which he fancies he can put right after weakly brooding over thoughts of revenge. Sometimes he attempts, but vainly, to find comfort in the idea that a happier change has taken place; but the effect is momentary, and he soon relapses into the harshness of the original strain:—

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—

He hath awakened from the dream of life—  
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's  
knife

Invulnerable nothings.

At length by way of self-relief he brings before us a representation of just retribution—the last consolation of the unfortunate:—

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal  
thought,  
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton  
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought  
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,  
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,  
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:  
Oblivion as they rose shrank as a thing re-  
proved.

Here we have unmistakably the tones of the lyre, as well as sublimity and poetic indignation.

It will be apparent to all readers that these three monodies bring out all the distinctive characteristics of the several poets: in Milton, the irrepressible tendency to classicism; in Shelley, the ever-recurring protest against eternal laws; in Tennyson, the beauty and the consolation of self-examination. The exercise, unconsciously to the authors themselves, throws on their page the fierce light of that evidence which consists in a personal cross-examination. In truth, the remarkable peculiarity of an *In Memoriam* seems to be, to unfold by a gradual process, not the nature of the persons of whom they themselves profess to descant, but to lay open to view their own spiritual personality. Tennyson, as we have said, nowhere betrays his prevailing faculty, which has become even more predominant with time, more than here. Arthur Henry Hallam is a mere shadow; so also is John Keats, there being hardly any direct allusion to the personality of the latter except where Shelley denounces Gifford, not indeed by name, but by poetic prosopopœia, as the "noteless blot on a remembered name," and the hand that had unstrung "the silver lyre" forever—a delusion which has long since been dissipated. The review of Keats's works, which appeared so many years ago in the pages of the *Quarterly*, was in reality sound and just, though perhaps rather sternly just, as was always the case with Gifford, who did good service in his day by sweeping aside the swarm of petty aspirants to fame, who obstructed the march of the greater poets of the generation. It is well known that the author of "Endymion" was dying of slow consumption long before that review was written, and that he went to Italy for the benefit of his health. However this may be, it does not affect what we have affirmed, namely, that an *In Memoriam* not only affords a good example by which we may test the powers of a poet, but also presents to view all his leading characteristics, and discloses what we would call the *indoles animi*, for in his confessions of sorrow the writer cannot help removing the conventional robe which wraps him as an individual. It is perhaps a useful exercise, therefore, in a critical point of view, to compare these several productions with one another. We think that such an examination tends to throw additional light on the idiosyncrasies of the writers, and if you would really know them, it is there that we should look. It will be observed from the casual and sparing quotations we have given, that Ten-

nyson mainly differs from Shelley—who, be it remembered, was almost a contemporary—in that, if he starts doubts, he at once proceeds to exorcise them by reason and religion; while the other scatters at his wild will a dangerous seed, which in some breasts may ripen into the same species of suffering as he himself experienced throughout his short but fitful existence. Yet Shelley, as we all know, could be tender and even harmlessly playful when his good dæmon was by his side. What more artless image can be found in the whole realm of poetry, than that by which he so gently reproaches the lady whose attractions were too powerful for him?—

Sweet lamp! my moth-like muse hath burnt  
his wings!

So, Shelley is all nature—nature's very self indeed. He never shuts himself up in the unexpansive embodiments of his own self-worship; but, like a true son of antiquity, manifests by endless evolutions his far-reaching kinship with humanity—erring spirit though he be. The tear which he drops upon the bier of Keats at the close of the "Adonais" is at once sincere, generous, and affectionate, though terribly ominous of his own impending fate:—

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;

Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is  
spread.

Here rests Keats, contemplated by "the starlight smile of children," in the tomb which this brother poet and others had raised as a tribute to his memory. But Shelley had unconsciously constructed a monument for himself, and within one short year he found almost the same grave as his friend, near

one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,

the tomb of Caius Cestius, in that spot which the Roman Church, jealous of all encroachment on its own God's-acre, has set apart as the last resting-place for those pilgrims of our race whom the hand of death may have struck down while contemplating the wonders of this classic land. But if there was no tragic ending in the subject of the "Adonais," as in the "Lycidas," Shelley made it so by the accident of his own sudden and unfore-



seen death in the stormy Bay of Spezzia, where he was snatched away literally

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd,  
With all his imperfections on his head.

A weariness of life, akin to a sickness unto death, is painfully visible in the latter part of the "Adonais." The poet invites all to seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb, and asks:—

What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here

They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!

We are inclined to think that, when men's speeches shall have become more charitable, and they have learnt to forgive, but not to forget, and when the "next ages" shall have arrived,—although the full vindication can never be—the fame of Shelley as a poet will enlarge into a ripener maturity and become in a measure purified by time. It is to him, rather than to Milton, that we would prefer to attach the description of a poet's place—a soul which, as a star, might fittingly dwell apart. In any case, whatever his faults, England must ever be proud of his genius, and proud too of having produced three poems *In Memoriam* unmatched either in ancient or modern times. The subject chosen is indeed a fitting one, for England is the land of relics: nowhere are effusions more generously accorded to the memory of departed friendship, and nowhere are monuments more venerated or better preserved.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
MADAME DE KRUDENER.

L'amour-propre est de tous les contraîtres: . . . il est sincère et dissimulé. — DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

#### PART II.

SURROUNDED by the literary society of Paris, Madame de Krüdener began herself to write. Her first essay was the composition of some very mediocre verses, which she submitted to a friend's revision. "Revise them!" was the answer. "Who could? The whole thing would have to be written over again!" She next tried fiction, at first not very successfully. Sometimes, if the agreeable sound of a word took her fancy, without reference to the sense she would use it. For instance,

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in her story "The Cabane des Lataniers" (the very name of which was a blunder of the kind) she wrote about *les courlis harmonieux*. "*Les courlis harmonieux*," said one of her friends, "do you know what *courlis* (curlews) are?" "Yes, of course," was the quick reply, "they are birds, to be sure." "Not at all," was the serious answer, to the lady's complete discomfiture. "I assure you they are a sort of large fish." Whereupon the authoress took refuge in silence, not sure enough of her ground to venture to dispute further.

Two months after her husband's death she began to think seriously again of her old dreams of a country life, and, after some hesitation in favor of Geneva, decided to settle near Lyons, where a house which suited her was to be had cheap. "Dear friend," she wrote to Dr. Gay, a young man she meant to protect and introduce to her friends, "I like to tell myself that in the qualities and noble virtues I find in you this soul of mine, ever hungering for enthusiasm, will find food for enthusiastic admiration. . . . As to my affairs, the emperor promises to pay all my late husband's debts; so that in that respect I am free, and I inherit, moreover, property of his which, added to what I have of my own, will give me a very handsome fortune. I want to buy a small property near Lyons, where I hope sometimes to see my friends, and you also, dear Gay, amongst them. The winters we will spend in Paris. . . . You will always find here your own room, fruit from my garden, milk from my cow, and fish from the Saône, which runs beneath your bedroom window. . . . Only thirty thousand francs is asked for the place, and the house alone is worth more. . . ."

The purchase was effected, and the move to Paris for the winter season was deferred, in the hope that Mademoiselle de Krüdener would consent to marry a gentleman in the neighborhood, in every respect a suitable match, whom she had refused, as well as other suitors, because she feared marriage would separate her from her mother. The winter was a gay one for the newly made widow, who was more admired than ever in the shawl-dance, with her daughter Juliette as her partner. "I am quite an *élégante* here," she wrote to one of her friends, "in my old *horriplos*, as Vallin calls them; the old Turkish and Persian dresses, and the lace and diamonds, give me the kind of air such things do give." The composition of "Valérie" also belongs to this

winter, the manuscript of which was submitted to literary friends, and carefully revised and corrected according to their criticism.

In spite of all her faults, Madame de Krüdener had real virtues. She was kind to her dependants, affectionate to her children and stepdaughter, faithful to her friends of either sex. She had, it is true, a predilection for exercising her influence upon men, and generally had in her retinue a male friend; but although various persons in succession held this position, the predecessor's place in her good offices was never usurped by the successor, and she owed her power over others as much, probably, in the long run to her genuine kindness of heart as to the living spell of her presence, which caused her faults to be forgotten in the charms of her fascinating grace. It is difficult always, and especially in relationships between men and women, to distinguish between influence and fascination, even where there are great discrepancies of age and position, but if Madame de Krüdener's vanity did falsify her power over others, that power, whatever its source, was never exerted ruthlessly, and her admirers never became her victims.

Yet it is difficult, amidst the freaks of her fantastic capacity for self-deception, even upon the poor plea of that all-pervading capacity, to excuse her last desertion of her husband, or to believe in her having been sincere when she exercised her talent for description by drawing those imaginative portraits of him which caused it to be said "she never remembered his existence except when she wanted to make a portrait of him;" and it is equally difficult to believe she really deluded herself as to the means she used to introduce "Valérie" to the world. The book, which competent critics have not hesitated to compare with Madame de Lafayette's "Princesse de Clèves" for exquisite simplicity and purity of style, intrinsically deserved success. But Madame de Krüdener had heard and believed that no work of an unknown writer could afford to stake its reception simply upon its merit, and she selected a certain number of her acquaintances to puff and advertise her book, chief amongst whom was Dr. Gay. The literary world was to be worked up to the proper pitch of excitement before "Valérie" appeared. The author was to be talked of and asked for. "I have something to ask you," she wrote to Gay; "have some good verses made for our friend *Sidonia*." (*Sidonia*, the heroine of the "Cabane des

Lataniers," was, like Valérie, an impersonation of the author.) "These verses, which I am sure I need not urgently recommend to your good offices, should be simply headed 'To *Sidonia*,' and will demand why she dwells in the provinces, why she hides her grace, her talent, in retreat. Does not her success call her to Paris, where her grace and talent would receive the admiration they deserve? Your enchanting dancing *has been described*" (in "Delphine"), "but who can describe exactly what it is in you which attracts notice? . . . My dear friend," she goes on, "to your friendship I confide this task. For *Sidonia* I blush, because I know her modesty, and you, too, know that vanity is no fault of hers. I have, of course, reasons more important than any motives of petty vanity about her for asking you to have these verses made, and made at once. Lay special stress on her living in retirement, and that in Paris alone is real appreciation found. Take care no one finds you out, and have the verses, if possible, printed in an evening paper; pay for the insertion and send me the paper at once, or if the paper will not take the verses send them to me and I will have them printed here. It is a fact that *Sidonia* was the model for the dance in 'Delphine;' read it, because it will please you, but mind the verses do not say *where* the dancing was described. . . . You will much oblige your friend, who will explain all when we meet. You know her love of solitude and retirement, you know how little she cares for praise, but you will be doing her real service. . . . If you see Madame de Vertamy, tell her you have heard from me; she is a charming woman, and *may be of use to you*, for she knows a great many people, and if you say I send her my kindest regards, I am sure she will receive you very cordially. . . . I cannot tell you, my excellent friend, how eagerly I desire to contribute to your acquisition of the reward your talents and virtues deserve. . . . You will introduce me to La Harpe, I will do what I can with B. de St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, and others, and we shall succeed because pure intentions always succeed. . . ." In the next letter she says, "*Sidonia* is deeply pious; . . . the verses . . . must not say 'her talent for dancing has been described,' but merely 'a skilful hand has described your dancing; your success is known,' etc."

The result of all this contrivance was "*Une Élégie*," which *Sidonia* approved, and for which, after discovering it *unex-*

pectedly in a newspaper, she wrote to thank Dr. Gay, and to ask for a little more of his aid. "Could you see Delille? his verses are so charming; it would not matter how worthless they were, they would be useful to Sidonia, and you know how I love Sidonia. The world is so stupid that it is only by charlatanism of this kind that one can really help a friend."

Like the first letter, this one wound up with the promise of a useful introduction. This time the reward offered for the services of the gentleman who acted the charlatan's part in the comedy was a letter to Chateaubriand. Every letter alluded to "Delphine," and she wrote of her own popularity at Lyons, and of the great merit of her novel. But when the book actually issued from the printers' hands, unable any longer to contain herself, she went to Paris to invent fresh ways of furthering the success of "*Valérie*." She would, for instance, drive up to some fashionable shop, and imposing upon the attendants with her unmistakable air of the great world, but carefully concealing her name, she would ask for hat, feathers, scarfs, or ribbons *à la Valérie*. The shopman, ashamed of his own ignorance, and abashed by her assurance, would perhaps produce some article which he was quite willing to sell as being what the lady wanted. Or, if a shop girl confessed that she had never heard of "*Valérie*," the lady would compassionate her and advise her to try and get the book. Then Madame de Krüdener would innocently tell her friends of the purchases *à la Valérie* she had made, and thus the news of the great vogue of the work was soon spread all over the town, whilst the author watched the success of her manoeuvres, and wrote confidentially to her friend Madame Armand, "In Paris, without charlatany, one gets nothing."

In 1805 she went to Riga, and the great event of her conversion took place. It was sudden, as might be expected. She was depressed by the Livonian climate as usual, she was weary, she had nothing to do, she was thirty-nine, her face began to show the traces of years. One autumn day she was standing at the window watching the clouds flying across the dull sky chased by the wind, and wishing for something or anything to make her forget the weariness of existence, and give her nerves the relief of some excitement. A gentleman passed, whom she recognized as an old admirer: she bowed and signed to him, hoping he would come in; he looked

up, gave a start as if surprised to see her, raised his hat, and then instantly fell down dead. Whatever the latent disease which had thus with such terrible suddenness caused his death, Madame de Krüdener believed that the immediate cause of the seizure was surprise at seeing her. She was this time moved with genuine emotion, and spent several days in a state of utter mental and physical prostration. She shut herself up in a dark room, and stayed in bed, and emerged from her retirement with a determination to alter the whole tenor of her own life, and with an assumed mission to convert the world.

After this event her biography scarcely differs from that of thousands of other evangelical biographies, until it began to dawn upon her that she had a peculiar call to evangelize the world through the heart of her sovereign. The chief field of her labor, prior to her connection with Alexander, was Baden, but her residence was never fixed; there was a great change in her exterior life, but none in her character. Her letters, written with a view to convert the friends of former days, are full of characteristic self-discussion — one notably, in which she gives a full description of a suitor for her hand, his fortune, his periodical visits to the southern climates she had always been so fond of, and his general eligibility — all refused without secrecy, that her retirement from the world might not seem like a case of sour grapes.

She fell under the influence of an ecstatic named Maria Kummrin, who pretended to have the gift of prophecy, and of a pastor, M. Fontaine, who turned out afterwards to be an impostor, and these persons for their own ends played upon her generosity and her imagination. She soon persuaded herself, especially after a visit she paid to Jung Stilling, that she was one of those beings to whom impressions are mysteriously conveyed without the agency of the senses. She prophesied, she predicted, she preached, she talked, she wrote. The queen of Prussia, the empress of Russia, Queen Hortense received her, and attested to the consoling influence of her exhortations. The poor as well as the great thronged her, and for each she had a special word which thrilled the imagination and captivated the mind. Her prophecies seemed to be fulfilled, her charity was unlimited; for although a total want of order and method was always bringing her to the verge of penury, one friendly hand or another would bring relief in time to prevent a catastrophe.

But in 1814 a great mission began to unfold itself to her. The Congress of Vienna was just over, and there was peace, but the air was still only with the stillness which comes before a storm, and Madame de Krüdener began to predict that the "white lilies of France, which should have called mankind to the love of God, to purity and repentance, had appeared only to disappear," and that France, "which should, according to the decrees of the Eternal, have been saved through the cross which conquered her, should be chastised." The chosen instrument of chastisement was the emperor of Russia, and her mission to announce his to him. "You would like," she wrote to one of her disciples, a young lady at the court of Russia, "to tell me much about the deep beauty of the emperor's soul. I think that already I know a great deal about him. *I have long known that the Lord will give me the joy of seeing him. . . . I have great things to say to him, for on his account I have experienced much which the Lord alone can prepare his heart to receive.*" The emperor upon his side had also heard of Madame de Krüdener, and his interest in her had been aroused, and for other motives than curiosity he desired to see her. His mind was essentially pious, and he was in a condition of great religious anxiety. Religious phenomena always interested and attracted him, and he was also, possibly, like a sick man who tries all remedies in the hope that the right one may at last be discovered. He met Madame de Krüdener first at Heilbronn, where, just when he was longing for some pious friend capable of consolation, and thinking about what he had heard of her, she was announced by his chamberlain as a lady who insisted, in spite of all refusals, upon an audience.

She stayed with him three hours. First, in the dramatic character of a divine emissary, she reproved the disorders of his past life, his pride, his want of steadfastness; and then, when she had awakened in him the memory of things he strove in vain to forget, and conjured up before him the dreadful scene of his father's death, changing her manner, she used persuasion, and at the close of the long interview she left the emperor, always impressionable, profoundly moved and touched. This meeting took place immediately after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and on the 9th of June, not much more than a week before the battle of Waterloo, Alexander wrote to Madame de Krüdener

to meet him again at Heidelberg. He told her she would find him lodged in a little house on the outskirts of the town, which he had chosen because he had found his "banner, a cross, erected in the garden." She obeyed the summons, and, leaving her daughter on the eve of marriage with Monsieur de Berckheim, and the worthy pastor Empaytaz, who had succeeded Fontaine as attendant chaplain, in the town, she hired a cottage in a field for herself; there was room in it only for herself, and here, every other evening, she received the czar in a room adjoining a shed where three cows were stabled, and read and expounded Holy Scripture to him often until two o'clock in the morning.

After Waterloo, Alexander left Heidelberg with express injunctions to Madame de Krüdener to meet him in Paris, which, after her daughter's marriage, she did. He was living at the Palace of the Elysées, and as he wished her to be near him, she gave up the rooms she took at first, and moved to 35 Faubourg St.-Honoré, to the Hôtel Montchenu; Madame de Lézy, to whom the house belonged, lending it to her, whilst she herself went to nurse her son, wounded at Waterloo.

The hotel garden opened into the Champs Elysées by a door, of which Alexander kept a key, that he might visit Madame de Krüdener privately and alone. She made it a rule never to ask him for anything either for herself or for others, and probably owed her spiritual influence over him in a great measure to this fact. She could not indeed refrain from telling him of the scenes of misery she had passed through on her way through the eastern provinces of France, and the emperor sent relief. But when Madame de Labédoyère came and implored her to ask the czar to interfere on behalf of her husband, sentenced to death for having deserted to Napoleon, she refused; and all who came to her with the hope of obtaining her good word with the emperor were disappointed. For herself she scrupulously avoided asking the commonest favors. Her husband had received in reward for his services a property which he and his heirs were to enjoy for a specified term of years. In similar circumstances, it was usual in Russia for the tenant or his heirs, at the expiration of the term of years, to solicit for a renewal of the grant, and the concession was always made as a matter of course, but when the time came, Madame de Krüdener preferred to lose the property rather

than make any petition, and the estate lapsed to the crown.

All Paris flocked to the Hôtel Montchenu, and the prayer meetings, which took place every evening, became the talk of the town. All kinds of exaggerated stories were told of what was done at them, and Madam de Krüdener, who in point of fact did not in any way officiate, and was simply present amongst the congregation in a long dark robe, which would have looked plain and prosaic enough if any one else had worn it, was described as a kind of priestess, half hidden in a sanctuary veiled off from the rest of the congregation. On Sundays she went to mass in the czar's chapel covered with a white veil, and occupied a seat specially reserved for her.

Her former associates, Pastor Fontaine and Maria Kummrin, rejoined her in Paris, probably without so much as forewarning her, and with the intention of obtaining money through her from the czar. She refused as usual to importune him, and thus, thrown back upon their own ingenuity, they arranged between them a scene which they imagined would work upon his credulity. Visiting the hotel one evening at the usual hour he found Kummrin extended upon a sofa, motionless, and apparently in a trance, and Fontaine, who stood by her, beckoned to him to stop, and told him the woman was charged to deliver a prophecy to him. Alexander sat down patiently to hear the announcement. It was long and very roundabout, and wound up with an intimation to the czar that he was divinely predestinated to provide funds for the foundation of a Christian community in Germany.

The emperor saw through the plot, and in two days, through his influence, Fontaine had left Paris; but at this time he certainly distinguished between Madame de Krüdener and her followers, and showed no symptoms of doubting her perfect good faith.

"Alexander is the chosen vessel of the Lord, and I know every detail of his life — I might say his every thought," she wrote to an old friend. "He comes here regularly, and I may truly say the spiritual bond which God formed between us is being strengthened."

The emperor was to review his troops upon the 10th of September at the Camp des Vertus, in Champagne, and it was his wish that at the religious ceremony which was to take place after the review Madame de Krüdener should be present.

On her journey to the camp she stayed at the Château Deaudoivre, where a whole day was spent in prayer, meditation, and singing hymns. The next stage was to Mesnil, and here again she was hospitably entertained, as Alexander's friend, by M. de Pinteville, and "all her retinue followed her example and preached. Her daughter preached; her son-in-law preached to the old *gentilhomme* who was their host, and to all the other members of his family; the young lady's maid preached to the old manservant of the château. A few chance words, a conversation begun, no matter upon what subject, or in what place — on doorstep, staircase, threshold of a room — turned into a sermon. . . . Alexander had been likened before to his great namesake and to Cyrus: Madame de Krüdener freshened comparisons by likening him to Jesus Christ. Before she had seen him she had called him the universal saviour, the white angel, whom she was constantly contrasting with the black angel Napoleon. What she said she doubtless believed, but there still lingered about her a flattering savor of the habit of the great world, which by no means prejudiced her influence. The emperor's carriages were sent for her and her retinue to Mesnil, and the honor rendered by Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon at Compiègne did not exceed the respect paid by the victorious emperor to Madame de Krüdener. Not as a favored subject, not as Marshal Munich's granddaughter, did he receive her, but as the envoy of heaven whom it was his appointed office to usher into the midst of his army. And she, dressed in a long plain robe, girdled in about the waist, and a straw bonnet, often laid aside to leave her head uncovered, with her fair hair, divided in the middle, floating back over her shoulders, one long wavy lock, which she caught sometimes and drew forwards, straying loose, appeared amongst the prostrate soldiers at the hour of prayer" with her "message."

All her messages were announced in Scripture phraseology. The czar she called Aquilon, and foretold to him in mystic terms the destiny that awaited him in the order of the divine providence; and, whilst her own vivid imagination was still moved with the remembrance of the scenes at which he had assisted in the plains of Champagne, she wrote a pamphlet in order to develop in the language of the prophets, whom it was her bold mission to expound unto fulfilment, the



part assigned to her emperor in the world's renovation.

And Alexander, his mind always full of those indefinite dreams of the good, the beautiful, the true, with which the weak love to cheat their aspirations, and fascinated by visions of fulfilling this destiny, either originated or, with the king of Prussia, collaborated the famous "Holy League," little, let us believe, at the time intending that it should afterwards in other circumstances be used as a weapon of tyranny. Before leaving Paris he brought a plan of the league to Madame de Krüdener, and told her it was his wish by a public act to render to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the homage due to him for protection visibly accorded, and to invite all the nations to place themselves beneath the rule of the gospel. "I bring you a sketch of the plan, which I beg you carefully to examine, and if you find any expressions in it of which you disapprove, be kind enough to tell me. . . ." And then he put a passport into her hand, and begged that she would follow him to Russia. The report soon spread that Madame de Krüdener had drawn up the plan herself, that Alexander was entirely subject to her, and that her power over him was boundless. For the journey she had no money, nor even any to pay her debts in Paris, and, of course, she let the emperor go without saying a word of this; but the day afterwards a gentleman she had never seen before called, and during his visit an account was brought to her which she had no money to pay. The stranger came forward and paid the bill, and the same afternoon called again, and when he left the second time four or five thousand louis d'or were found in Madame de Krüdener's desk. With this money she started for Petersburg, but travelled slowly, finding much by the way to do. Her son, Baron Paul de Krüdener, was Russian ambassador to the Helvetian confederacy; and she visited him at Berne, and held religious meetings which excited the ever prompt intolerance of the Swiss authorities, and she was requested to leave the town. At Bâle the same incidents were repeated, but here a person in the neighborhood offered her a cottage, where she stayed some time alone with Pastor Empaytaz, and swept and dusted and made the soup herself so long as she had time; but gradually every minute was taken up by the visitors who flocked to her for assistance and advice. She used to preach, too, whenever she had an oppor-

tunity; and if she preached, as she often did, from the window of an hotel, the space in the front of the house would be crowded with eager listeners, and, if trees were near, men and boys would climb up to the branches to see and listen. Then she would ask in her sweet, far-sounding voice, "Can you all hear what I say?" and awaiting the unanimous "Ja!" which thousands of voices uttered as one, would begin. Her sermons, which sounded rather poor as reported, laid hold of her hearers, and sometimes she was accused of preaching dangerous doctrines and of socialistic teaching; of inciting children to leave their parents, wives their husbands, if family life proved a hindrance to them in the free exercise of their religion; of teaching servants to be humble only with the hope of ultimately becoming masters. But she denied these charges, and, indeed, there does not seem to have been any real foundation for them. Her language was extravagant, and her teaching naturally vague like her religious views. She used to say, "I am neither a Catholic nor a Greek; and, God be praised, I have never been a Protestant!" and she rejected all teaching except that of direct inspiration.

Whilst she was busy with her exciting work in Switzerland and in Baden, preaching to soldiers, country-folk or town-folk, or wherever she found an audience, driven from one canton to another, and finally expelled altogether from the grand duchy on account of the unlimited influence she was supposed to possess over the autocrat, much influence was being brought to bear upon her "angel of an emperor," as she called him, to wean him from her devotion to her; and when she did arrive at last at Livonia in 1818, she was placed by the governor's order under police surveillance, which was only withdrawn when a direct appeal was made to the czar. She then left Riga for Kosse, where she stayed several months, receiving to her surprise no order to rejoin the emperor. At length she wrote for and received leave to go to Petersburg, but the emperor sent her no invitation to visit him. Change was habitual with Alexander, and he had been, since he parted from her, constantly assailed with warnings of the bad effects produced upon the world by his submission to her spiritual dictation; and he was now assured also that her avowed sympathy with the insurrection in Greece would compromise him if he were known to have any intercourse with her. Only a few months before, in one of her

sermons, she had harangued a regiment of Prussian soldiers about an approaching struggle between Christian and Ottoman; and Alexander, to whom in 1815 she had prophesied the insurrection, was already suspected of a personal inclination to assist the Greeks. He was kept informed, too, of all that Fontaine and Maria Kummrin did, and that Madame de Krüdener persisted in corresponding still with them, although her children had expostulated with her and tried to open her eyes to their real character. "I am afraid she is in the wrong path," the emperor said, when some one asked him if he had had news of her; but, further than this, he kept his private opinion of her to himself. She, meantime, began to preach a sort of crusade against the Turks, and at length the emperor sent her a long letter of remonstrance through the hands of Monsieur de Tourgueneff, who was charged to read it to her and not to leave it with her. It began by showing her how difficult it was for a modern sovereign to act upon the principle of direct inspiration from heaven, then blamed the freedom of the censures she passed upon him and his government; and intimated to her that as a friend he required her to enter into an engagement to keep silence upon politics, and warned her that the presence in the capital of a subject who created embarrassments for the government would not be tolerated. She listened respectfully to the end, then told Monsieur de Tourgueneff to thank his Majesty for the warning, and promised henceforward to plead the Greek cause only in her prayers, feeling sure that in heaven the cause of justice was registered.

She kept her engagement, but the constraint pained her, and, towards the close of 1821, she left Petersburg for Kosse without having once seen the emperor.

In the following June her son-in-law and daughter, the De Berckheims, visited her and found her well, but leading a life of great hardship and privation. She was trying to live as her peasants did, so as to preach patience to them by example as well as word. "Every one about her," wrote Monsieur de Berckheim, "wears that look of real affection and charity which is so different from mere worldly politeness." Her health soon gave way. Monsieur Kellner, the pastor who lived with her at Kosse, died, and this was a great blow to her, and after the fatigue of nursing him was over, she broke down

and showed signs of decline. A winter in the south was recommended, and in the spring of 1824 she left Kosse, with the Princess Galitzin and Monsieur and Madame de Berckheim, for the Crimea, where she had property, and intended to found a colony for Swiss and German emigrants. To avoid fatigue, the journey was made by water, and the picturesque scenery of the Volga and the change of air and interest for a time revived the invalid. But the improvement did not last, and, after her arrival at Karasou-Bazar, she rapidly grew worse. "At first," says her daughter, "she had still a little strength. . . . In November we kept her birthday, and she was as happy as a child when we gave her flowers, cakes, and preserves to distribute. . . . She felt a real necessity for sustenance, and sometimes reproached herself with thinking too much of her food. In the evening she would fall asleep. Latterly, however, she resisted sleep because she said the awakening was too painful, it felt like death. A young Livonian girl and two German girls watched her day and night. One of the latter, whose name was Emily, had been brought up by the Moravians, and mama was very fond of her: it was always a *fête* to her when Emily's turn came; and when she left her Berckheim would take her place by the bedside. . . . Towards the end she could only bear to have a few lines at a time read to her. . . . On Christmas Day, 1824, she died. Her remains were placed first in the vault of the Armenian Church, and afterwards in the Greek Church which Princess Galitzin built at Koreiss."

The account of her death, surrounded by friends and children, fearing death at first, and when the end came dying without fear, deals with things too solemn for these pages, and the impression it leaves is one of perfect sincerity. We hope, indeed, that we have by no means so misrepresented Madame de Krüdener as to convey the idea that falseness was her predominant characteristic. She was, if the paradox may be pardoned, throughout life consistently to her character inconsistent, and if she deceived others she deceived herself as well into admiration of herself; whilst her real genius, her talents, and her power of influence have justly saved her from the ridicule to which her vanity would otherwise have exposed her.

MARGARET MARY MAITLAND.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE ENGLISH CHURCH ON THE  
CONTINENT.

THE establishment of English chaplaincies on the Continent dates from the Reformation. No sooner was the tie, which hitherto had bound England and Rome together in one communion, broken, than our rulers in Church and State found it necessary to make special provision for the religious wants of our countrymen abroad. Calais, then a possession of the English crown, was the first place whither chaplains were sent. In 1535, the very year after the Act of Supremacy was passed, Cranmer writes from Knoll to Thomas Cromwell, "praying for the King's Grace's letters to be obtained and directed to the Lord Deputy of Calise, and other his Grace's counsellors there, in favor of two such chaplains of mine as I intend to send thither with all speed to preach the Word of God." It appears from a petition, preserved in the life of Bishop Kennett, which certain "British merchants in and about London, trading to Leghorn," addressed to "the Queen's (Anne) Most Excellent Majesty in Council," that after the Reformation our ambassadors at foreign courts were generally accompanied by representatives of our Church, but that this privilege was sometimes refused by the authorities of the countries to which they were commissioned.

Nor was it only the rupture with Rome which led to the formation of English congregations abroad. The same spirit of freedom and enterprise that gave birth to the Reformation produced also a vast extension of our commerce, and wherever our merchants found their way, they were attended by the ordinances of their Church. In the reigns of Elizabeth and of her immediate successors, factories of English merchants were formed in Holland, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in Russia. The Hamburg Company, which traded with Calais, the Low Countries, and the ports of the Baltic and German Ocean, and was the most ancient of English mercantile companies, having received charters from Edward I., Henry IV., and Henry VII., was incorporated anew with greatly augmented privileges by Elizabeth, under the title of "The Company of Merchant Adventurers of England." English trade with the Levant began in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1513 an English consul was appointed at Scio to guard our commercial interests in the Archipelago. The Levant Company was formed by royal charter under Eliz-

abeth. James I. confirmed and extended its privileges. Some innovations having been made in the government of the company during the civil wars, Charles II. restored it to its original basis under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of England trading to the seas of the Levant." In the reign of Edward VI. our adventurous traders found their way into the White Sea and the port of Archangel, and brought back to the king a message from John the Terrible, then czar, that the English "ships and vessels might come as often as they pleased, and that they should have a free market with all free liberty through his whole dominions." A company with the exclusive privilege of trading with Russia was formed in London by special charter of Philip and Mary. Queen Elizabeth granted a new charter to the company, under the title of the British Factory.

It is a noticeable fact that in all the countries with which these companies trafficked efforts were invariably made to secure for the English merchants and their families the free enjoyment of religious worship. The Levant and the Russia companies set bright examples in the fulfilment of this duty. Many a learned and zealous clergyman was appointed by the Levant Company to the chaplaincies which it established at places within the limits assigned to the company by its charter, such as Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople. In like manner one of the chief objects that engaged the attention of the English factory established at Moscow and Archangel was the maintenance of the churches at both these places, the custom of the merchants being to spend the winter at Moscow and the summer at Archangel. In 1723 the English factory was transferred to St. Petersburg, where, by help of the dues which it had the right of levying on English ships and goods, the present chapel on the English quay was built. Though the company and factory have lost their ancient privileges, — the treaty of commerce which constituted English factories in Russia having lapsed, — they still contribute from their invested capital towards the support of the chaplains at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Archangel, and towards the maintenance of the different chapels and parsonages. An Order in Council, dated October 1st, 1633, places English factories and congregations across the seas under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London as diocesan. This arrangement was brought about by a dis-

covery that a form of discipline different from that of the mother Church was used by some chaplains ministering to our factories and regiments in Holland. Laud, then Bishop of London, considered that dishonor was done to the Church of England by the growing disuse of her Liturgy, and resolved to interfere. Reluctant to bring the subject before the Council himself, he framed certain "considerations," which he entrusted to the care of Mr. Secretary Windebank. "He had long teemed with this design," writes Heylyn, in his life of Laud, "but was not willing to be his own midwife when it came to the birth; and therefore it was so contrived that Windebank should make the proposition at the council table, and put the business on so far that the bishop might be moved by the whole board to consider of the several points in that weighty business." The considerations framed by Laud were to the effect that colonels of English regiments and factories of English merchants in the Low Countries should appoint no minister or preacher to their regiments or factories but such as conformed in all things to the Church of England, to be commended to them by the lords of the Council after advice taken of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; and that every such minister or preacher should read the Common Prayers, administer the sacraments, and perform all other public ministerial duties according to the rules and rubrics of the English Liturgy. A memorial to this effect was presented to the Council by Windebank on March 22, 1633. "But long it will not be," so comments Laud's biographer, "before we shall behold him sitting in the chair of Canterbury, acting his own counsels, bringing these conceptions to the birth, and putting this design in the execution." Abbot died on Sunday, August 4; and on August 6, 1633, Laud was nominated to the archbishopric. "He had not sate long in the chair of Canterbury when he procured an Order from the Lords of the Council, bearing date October 1, 1633, by which the English churches and regiments in Holland (and afterwards by degrees in all other foreign parts and plantations) were required strictly to observe the English Liturgy, with all the rites and ceremonies prescribed in it: which order contained the sum and substance of those considerations which Laud had offered to the Board. With which the Merchant Adventurers being made acquainted, with joynnt consent they made choice of one

Beaumont (reported for a learned, sober, and conformable man) to be preacher to their factory residing at Delf. And that this man might be received with the better welcome, a letter is sent with him to the Deputy Governor, subscribed by the Archbishop himself, in which he signified both to him and the rest, in his Majestie's name, that they were to receive him with all decent and courteous usage fitting his person and calling, allowing him the ancient pension which formerly had been paid to his predecessors. Which said in reference to the man, he lets them know that it was His Majestie's express command that both he, the Deputy, and all and every other merchant that is or shall be residing in those parts beyond the seas, do conform themselves to the Doctrine and Discipline settled in the Church of England; and that they frequent the Common Prayer with all religious duty and reverence at all times required, as well as they do sermons; and that out of their company they should yearly, about Easter, as the Canons prescribe, name two Church-wardens and two Sides-men, which may look to the orders of the Church, and give an account according to their office."

With this despatch, which bore date June 17, 1634, Beaumont went into Holland, determined to enforce its provisions. From this year till 1842 all English chaplaincies abroad remained under the superintendence of the Bishop of London as diocesan. In 1842, however, the number had so largely multiplied that our rulers in Church and State deemed it advisable to withdraw a portion of them from the charge of the Bishop of London, and to establish a new episcopal see. The bishopric of Gibraltar was accordingly created by queen's letters patent. The spiritual superintendence originally assigned to the Bishop of Gibraltar was limited to English churches within Gibraltar and Malta, and within the islands and countries in and around the Mediterranean. But in 1869, at the request of the bishop, the superintendence was extended to the English churches in Spain and Portugal, on the coast of Morocco, in the Canary Islands, in the kingdom of Italy, on the shores of the Black Sea, and on the lower Danube to the Iron Gates. The special end for which foreign chaplaincies were established was to secure for our countrymen on the Continent the same religious privileges and consolations as they enjoyed in England. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities were anxious that

British subjects on quitting this country should still retain the right of worshipping in their own tongue and in accordance with the rites and usages of the Church at home. They were desirous of guarding them against all risk of falling away either to Rome or to Geneva.

It was, no doubt, also intended that these chaplains should forward the general cause of the Reformation abroad. In the letter already quoted, which Cranmer wrote to Thomas Cromwell respecting the chaplains sent to Calais, the archbishop speaks of them as commissioned to "extirpate all manner of hypocrisy, false faith, and blindness of God and his word, wherein the inhabitants there be altogether wrapt, to the no little slander (I fear me) of the realm." Noticing the Order of Council to which reference has just been made, Heylyn writes, "It was hoped that there would be a Church of England in all Courts of Christendom, in the chief cities of the Turk and other great Mahometan Princes, in all our Factories and Plantations, in every known part of the world, by which it might be rendered as diffused and catholic as the Church of Rome." The Levant Company wished that the chaplaincies which it maintained, besides providing for the religious wants of the English merchants and their families, should also be channels for extending the knowledge of Christianity among the native populations. But such aspirations, if indeed they were ever really entertained, have long ago been abandoned. While anxious that reform should spread wherever it be really needed, English Churchmen in these days have no wish to see all Churches modelled after the exact pattern of their own. They consider that the quietest and the most effective way of kindling the spirit of reform is to show by a living example that a Church may meet the needs of the present time, growing with the world's growth, and yet maintain unbroken its links with the past; may shake itself free from those errors and superstitions which the course of ages has gathered, and yet rest on the old foundation of apostolic order and primitive usage. Those were wise words which the Scottish bishops addressed to Bishop Luscombe when in 1825 they consecrated him to perform episcopal ministrations for British subjects on the Continent. "We do solemnly enjoin our Right Reverend brother, Bishop Luscombe, not to disturb the peace of any Christian society established as the national Church in whatever nation he

may chance to sojourn." In harmony with the spirit of these words, English chaplains on the Continent restrict their ministrations to their own people. They are careful not to interfere with other national Churches. If here and there individuals are drawn by their sympathies beyond this field of pastoral duty authoritatively assigned to them, they act on their own private responsibility.

But for the maintenance by the Church of chaplains in Europe, our countrymen would forfeit all the religious advantages they enjoy at home whenever they might quit our shores for countries where the Church is not in communion with our own. In fulfilling this purpose we are acting on a principle recognized throughout Christendom from very early days, and now universally followed by all national Churches. Travellers who have visited Constantinople or Jerusalem are aware that each of the great Churches of the East is represented in these cities by a bishop or patriarch; and that none is regarded as schismatical so long as he limits his ministrations to members of his flock. But it was not till many a battle had been fought that our Church was allowed to make this provision for the spiritual wants of her people, as may be seen from the stories of Michael Geddes, chaplain from 1678 to 1688 to the English factory at Lisbon, and of Basil Kennett, chaplain from 1706 to 1714 to the English factory at Leghorn.

Geddes, in the year 1686, was cited, with the consul to the British merchants, to appear before the Inquisition at Lisbon. An account of the interview is given in the preface to his "Tracts against Popery." The chaplain and consul were taken through several large rooms, which were locked behind them as they advanced. The consul was first admitted and examined, but he was not allowed to address the chaplain on returning from the interview. The chaplain was then summoned before the judges, "who received him at first with great affectation of civility and courtesy, and desired him to sit down and be covered before they proceeded to examine him. After this piece of ceremony was over, they sternly demanded of him how he dared to preach or exercise his function in that city. He answered that he enjoyed that liberty by virtue of an article between the two crowns of England and Portugal; that it was a thing that had never been called in question; that he had been there eight years, and during that time had served the En-



glish factory in the capacity of chaplain, as many others had done before him. They replied that it was a thing altogether unknown to them, and if they had known it, they would never have suffered it. After being threatened and strictly prohibited to minister any more to his congregation, he was dismissed. Whereupon letters of complaint were written to the Bishop of London (Compton), one by the consul himself, and a second by the consul and merchants of the factory. But before these letters reached England, the Bishop of London had been suspended by James the Second's Commissioners for Causes Ecclesiastical for disobeying the king in refusing to suspend Dr. Spratt. During existing troubles at home, all hope of redress was taken away. The British merchants consequently were debarred from public worship till the arrival of Mr. Scarborough, the English envoy, "under whose shelter as a public minister they had to screen themselves, although they had a right to the exercise of their profession by the treaty between the two nations, and by an express clause inserted in the patent of every consul residing at Lisbon, and confirmed and ratified by the king of Portugal himself."

When Geddes officiated as English chaplain at Lisbon, two treaties, one of which was signed in 1642, the other in 1645, had been concluded between England and Portugal, securing liberty of worship to Englishmen residing in the latter country provided they gave no scandal to, nor in any way interfered with, members of other Churches. It was apparently to these treaties that the British consul, chaplain, and merchants referred in the interview with the Inquisition and in their letters to the Bishop of London.

The story of Basil Kennett is told in the life of his brother, Dr. White Kennett, the Bishop of Peterborough, published in 1730. In 1706 the English merchants at Leghorn requested Dr. White Kennett, then dean, afterwards bishop, of Peterborough, to lay before Archbishop Tenison the desire which they had long entertained that a chaplain of the Church of England should reside in that city. This privilege they had hitherto been refused by the Church of Rome. The English consul at Leghorn, and the envoy at the court of Florence, Dr. Newton, a learned civilian, had endeavored to obtain a removal of the prohibition, but with only partial success. No definite promise of protection could be obtained from the grand duke, but only a general intimation

that if a chaplain were appointed he would not be molested by the civil powers, and that connivance might be expected. They were distinctly given to understand that no exemption from the supreme authority of the Inquisition could be allowed. The chaplaincy was offered to Basil Kennett, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was accepted. A commission or title authorizing him to perform divine service at Leghorn, "after the usage and manner of the Church of England," was granted by the queen in council, September 8th, 1706. Royal letters of passport, safeguard, and protection were also issued. The business was forwarded by Addison, at that time under-secretary of State, lately a traveller in Italy, and well acquainted with Leghorn. Kennett was received by the English consul and merchants at Leghorn with great civility and kindness. But though the utmost privacy and caution were used, great offence was taken by the Italians, especially by the priests and regulars, who were very jealous of the northern heresy, and complaints were at once sent to Rome. The English envoy pleaded the right of the English merchants to have among them a minister of their own religion; he promised that the chaplain should not publicly reflect on the religion of the country, or interfere with the faith of the duke's subjects. But all to no purpose. "The Pope and the Court of Inquisition at Rome were resolved to expel heresy, and the public teachers of it, from the confines of the Holy See; and, therefore, secret orders were given to apprehend Mr. Kennett at Leghorn, and to bring him away to Pisa, and thence to some other religious prison, to bury him alive, or otherwise dispose of him in the severest manner." Upon the English envoy interposing at the court of the grand duke, he was told that he might keep the English preacher in his own family as his domestic chaplain, but that Kennett could not safely continue at Leghorn, "for in matters of religion the Court of the Inquisition was superior to all civil powers." In this critical state of affairs the envoy wrote home for instructions. Till these should arrive he invited Kennett to his house, and gave him "a concurrent title" as his domestic chaplain. Kennett, however, remained in great danger at Leghorn. "He was forced," so runs the narrative, "to confine himself in his chamber, and to have an armed guard at the stair's foot; and when in some evenings he walked out for air, he walked between two English merchants, who,

with their drawn swords, resolved and declared that no body should dare seize him at their peril." The following letter at last arrives from the Earl of Sunderland, one of the queen's principal secretaries of State : —

"SIR, — Yours of the 16th and 24th I received, in answer to which, I have laid the whole matter before her Majesty, who has commanded me to order you to tell the grand duke and his ministers, in her Majesty's name, that if there be any molestation given to her chaplain residing at Leghorn, she shall look upon it as an affront done to herself and the nation, a breach of peace, and a violation of the law of nations, and shall by her fleets and armies, which will be all the year in the Mediterranean seas, not only demand but take satisfaction for every such injury offered. And that the Priest of the Great Duke's minister here, and all frequenters of his chapel, must expect the same treatment. And if they talk any more of the Pope or Court of Rome, you must cut that matter short by telling them her Majesty has nothing to do with that court, but shall treat with the Great Duke as with other independent Princes and States. And this you must do in the most forcible manner possible."

Upon this letter being communicated to the grand duke and his ministers, they imparted the contents to the pope and his cardinals, who "so well understood the argument of fleets and armies, that the chaplain escaped the intended fury," and continued for five years to officiate publicly as a minister of the Church of England in a room set apart for a chapel in the consul's house. Kennett returned to England in consequence of feeble health in 1714, and was made president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but he lived for one year only to enjoy that enviable position of quiet, learning, and dignity. On his resignation obstacles for a long time were offered to the appointment of a successor. But eventually the principle of religious liberty for which Geddes and Kennett had fought prevailed. In the present day Englishmen enjoy liberty of worship everywhere on the Continent. In Belgium, where there is no State Church, the government of the country recognizes the English chaplains, together with the representatives of other communities, Roman Catholic, French and German Protestant, and Jewish, and pays them an annual stipend. The liberty which is now conceded throughout Europe is not limited, as formerly, to persons worshipping

in chapels attached to British embassies, legations, and consulates, or to certain important British factories.

In Portugal, the Constitutional Charter of 1826, the basis of its present liberty, has the following articles : —

Article VI. — The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion shall continue to be the religion of the State. All other religions, with their domestic and private worship, shall be permitted to foreigners in houses set apart for the purpose, and not having any outward appearance of a temple.

Article L. and LV. 4. — No man shall be prosecuted on account of his religion, as long as he respects that of the State and does not offend public morality.

The law regards all worship other than that of the Roman communion as a sort of family worship in a private citizen's house where the State has no right to interfere. The phrase "outward appearance of a temple" has been interpreted to mean "directly facing a street" or "forming part of a street frontage." It is permissible to build an ecclesiastical edifice in any shape thought desirable, provided that its front be a little retired from the public road. For years past every successive ministry in Portugal has promised a law definitely granting freedom of public worship to Portuguese who are not members of the Roman communion, but as yet those promises have not been fulfilled. Practically, however, liberty is allowed to both foreigners and natives. Even in Spain, which has been the most backward of European countries to learn the lesson of toleration, liberty of worship under certain conditions is conceded. The provisions of the Spanish Constitution of 1876 on the subject are as follows: "The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion is the religion of the State. The nation is bound to maintain its worship and its ministers. No one will be molested within Spanish territory for his religious opinions, or for the exercise of his particular worship, saving the respect due to Christian morality. Nevertheless, ceremonies and public manifestations other than those of the religion of the State shall not be allowed." In accordance with these provisions, Englishmen enjoy full liberty of meeting together for congregational worship. They are not allowed, indeed, to give public notice of the services. In a great commercial city of the south, when English merchants and their families assemble for divine worship, they abstain from having any music in the service, for fear of provoking an ignorant and fanati

cal population. But we may hope that here too, as railways multiply, the country is more visited by travellers, and education spreads, all these annoyances and molestations, which Christian people not members of the Roman communion at times experience in exercising that right of religious worship which the laws of the land allow, will pass away.

Within the very walls of Rome itself, liberty of public worship is now permitted. The minute-book of the English chapel, outside the Porta del Popolo, shows how step by step this right has been secured. At the beginning of this century a service appears to have been held in private apartments "occupied by the clergyman or by some English family." Then in 1818, a room was hired for the special purpose of conducting worship according to the forms of our Church. The room was in Vicolo degli Avignonesi. In the life of Dr. Low, Bishop of Ross, Moray, and Argyle, there is a letter written from Rome, March 5, 1818, by the Rev. James Walker, afterwards successor to Bishop Sandford, at Edinburgh, in which he speaks of his surprise at finding the service of the Church of England "publicly performed in Rome, at the foot of the Capitol, and within a few minutes' walk of the pope's palace. The service," he writes, "has been regular, and always well attended. . . . All the clergymen, to the amount of eight or nine, have attended and offered their services. . . . I steer clear, of course, both in my sermons and in my catechising, of all matters of controversy. It would not be very decorous to come into a man's house, and under his protection try to pull it down."

In 1823, owing to a change of government caused by the death of Pius VII., it was a matter of doubt "whether the performance of the English service in Rome would be tolerated as heretofore." Apartments, however, were hired in the Corea Palace in Via dei Pontefici. The minutes, which then for the first time were regularly kept, inform us that there was no interference whatever on the part of the government. "The tacit sanction of the Roman government has been given to set apart a suite of rooms for our worship; there is a wish to act with toleration and accommodation towards our countrymen." Money collected at the offertory was distributed among distressed English, French, Germans, and Italians living in Rome; and "these gifts," so runs the minute-book, "tended, perhaps, more than any other circumstance to create a favor-

able impression towards the English Protestants in the sentiments of the Roman Catholics." In 1823-4 different apartments were taken at 152 Via Rosella, and no opposition was offered to the celebration of the English service. But in 1825, owing to the objections supposed to be entertained by the Roman government to the continuance of our worship, no one could be found willing to let a room for the purpose. "To obviate this difficulty," writes the Rev. Hugh James Rose, the chaplain, under date of March 22, 1825, "an English lady, Mrs. Starke, whose kindness to her compatriots on all occasions deserves their warmest thanks, most liberally offered the loan of some excellent rooms which she had taken and furnished in the Palazzo Fiano, and the service was in consequence celebrated there for nearly two months. An opportunity, however, at last offered of obtaining a lease (for three years) of a room situated a few doors beyond the Porta del Popolo, eligible in all respects for our purpose."

Thus, though the public celebration of our worship within the walls was not actually prohibited by the papal authorities during the first quarter of the present century, yet such pressure was exerted upon the owners of apartments, and so general a conviction prevailed of the disapproval entertained by the authorities, that great difficulty was experienced in securing suitable accommodation, and not until the English congregation had hired a room outside the walls were they able to remain permanently in the same quarters. Not even then were they released from all fears and annoyances. On December 16, 1826, "the Secretary of State of the Roman Government," such is the statement of the minute-book, "informed the committee of the English Church that as the English consul did not reside in Rome, the Protestant chapel did not come within the Act of Parliament." In the minutes of 1828 there is a notice of a hundred and fifty crowns paid to get rid of a wild-beast show opened in the same building as that used by the English for divine worship. In 1831 the committee, alarmed by the uncertain state of political affairs, elected Chevalier Bunsen trustee for the chapel and for the cemetery, and desired him to take charge of the church-plate and the register of burials. In 1841 the offer of a font was refused on the ground that "it was thought better not to add any insignia to the chapel which might give cause for objection on the part

of the Papal Government." In the following year, however, the offer of a font was accepted. On March 8, 1847, it was resolved by the committee that a statement be made to Lord John Russell respecting the advisability of attaching the chaplaincy to her Majesty's Legation in case of the diplomatic relations with the court of Rome now under consideration of Parliament being definitely arranged." During the siege of Rome in the spring of 1849, the English chapel was occupied by the Roman and French troops, and much damaged. At the close of 1863 it was found necessary, owing to the crowded state of the chapel, to take measures for providing an additional service on Sundays. The Dean of Canterbury, Henry Alford, undertook to perform the services. Application was made to the consul, Mr. Severn, for the use of a room at his residence. Though at first he expressed a hope that he should be able to provide the room required, he afterwards stated that the application which he had made to the authorities for permission had been refused. All obstacles, however, were at once removed when, September 20, 1870, Rome became capital of the kingdom of Italy. The Anglican communion is now represented at Rome by three churches, all situated within the walls — by Trinity Church, in the Piazza di San Silvestro, opened for divine worship in 1874, and consecrated by the Bishop of Gibraltar on April 15 of last year; by the Church of St. Paul, in Via Nazionale, erected by our American brethren, and consecrated by the Bishop of Long Island on March 25, 1876; and by the Church of All Saints, in Via Babuino, now in course of construction.

Except in countries under the spiritual rule of Rome, Englishmen have encountered few or no obstacles in exercising the right of worshipping God in such way as their Church or their consciences might direct. The London merchants who in the reign of Queen Anne traded to Leghorn, state in a petition addressed to the queen in Council for support in maintaining their right, that "the settlement of chaplains in our British factories at Smyrna and Aleppo is allowed by the Turk as a right due by the law of nations." Colonel Playfair, her Majesty's consul-general at Algiers, has called my attention to a clause in the first treaty concluded by England with Algiers in 1682, which stipulates that "the consul shall be allowed a place to pray in." In accordance with this considerate pro-

vision, in 1689 the Rev. George Home, afterwards rector of Headley, near Farnham, was appointed chaplain. The earliest report issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (1704), contains under the head of Amsterdam this notice: "For the interest of the English nation, the honor of its established Church, and comfort of its members in peace and war, as gentlemen, merchants, soldiers, seamen, etc., the burgomasters have given a piece of ground for building an English church; till that can be compassed, a private chapel is made use of, where there is a pretty good Church of England congregation."

When, during the reign of Edward VI., factories of English merchants were established in Russia, they were allowed the free enjoyment of their religion. The same report contains the following words in reference to Moscow: "Here is a factory of English merchants, as at Archangel, where they reside alternately; to whom the czar has been graciously pleased to give lately as much ground as they shall desire to build a church upon, with other convenience for the minister, who uses the Liturgy of the Church of England, and who is desired to insert the czar's name and his son's in the Litany and prayers for the royal family." There is notice also under the same head of a benefaction made by the Society of Greek Liturgies and Testaments for the courtiers; of vulgar Greek Testaments for the common Muscovites; and of English practical books for the youths and servants of the factory." The English churches at Moscow, Archangel, and St. Petersburg enjoy to the present day the privilege of being considered chapels of the British ambassador, and are under his especial protection. We hear of no attempt having been made by the authorities of the Eastern Churches to prevent the Levant Company from providing English merchants and their families at Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople with the ministrations of religion. The correspondence of Isaac Basire represents him as receiving great attention and kindness from the patriarchs and bishops of the East, and as preaching twice at a meeting of bishops and clergy at the request of the Metropolitan of Achaia. This friendly attitude and interchange of courtesies, which two hundred years ago marked the relations between Churches of the Eastern communion and our own, have been maintained to the present hour.

Various circumstances during late years

have increased the number of English chaplaincies abroad. No sooner had our last war with France been brought to a close than English merchants, bankers, traders, teachers, governesses, artisans, and mechanics settled in different parts of the Continent. Groups of Englishmen are now to be found wherever enterprise calls for skilled labor and industry. There are in central and northern Europe nearly a hundred congregations under the superintendence of the Bishop of London. The Bishop of Gibraltar has under his charge, in southern Europe, in the islands and along the shores of the Mediterranean and neighboring seas, independently of the summer chaplaincies in northern Italy, more than seventy congregations. Since railways have been multiplied and sailing-vessels have been superseded by steamers, the number of Englishmen who for pleasure, change, rest, or health visit foreign lands has increased a hundredfold. Thousands every summer now spread over Switzerland, France, Germany, and the Italian lakes. Thousands every winter flee to the sunny south for shelter from the fogs, rain, and biting winds of our own country. Englishmen have this characteristic, that wherever they wander they like to take their church with them, as is known to all hotel-keepers, who find that if they would attract English visitors to their houses, they must provide them with places of public worship. Some of these chaplaincies are maintained for the summer, some for winter and spring, some for the whole year, according as the circumstances of the place or the wants of the visitors require. The Continental committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Colonial and Continental Church Society render most valuable services by raising funds for the support of these chaplaincies, and by selecting fitting persons to serve such of them as are in their nomination. In all parts of the Continent English churches are now either built or in building. New English churches were consecrated this spring at Hyères, San Remo, and Therapia. Appeals were made last summer to the bounty of Englishmen in London on behalf of churches now in construction at Rome and Berlin. Ten new English churches within the area assigned to the Bishop of Gibraltar at this moment are in building or are contemplated at Rome, Milan, Cannes, Grasse, Carabacel, Marsala, Malaga, Tangier, Bucharest, and Nicosia in Cyprus. A noble church is nearly completed at Moscow. Dean Alford, who

visited the Riviera while some of the English churches which grace those lovely shores were in building, on finding himself not unfrequently laid under contribution, is reported to have remarked that the Riviera was a pleasant country to visit, but it would be still pleasanter when all the English churches were finished. Though some of the buildings in which we meet for public worship abroad do little credit to English taste, others are not unworthy of our Church and country, showing both by their architectural features and by the character of the services held in them what is the true nature of our worship when it is displayed in its best and brightest colors. A marked change for the better has taken place since Lady Bloomfield wrote, in 1854, in her, "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," "When first we went to Berlin, the Church of England service was held in a small room in the Hôtel du Nord. It was a very unsuitable place; and often, when we were going to church, as we had to pass through the passages of the hotel, we found them encumbered with slops and dirty linen. This was so very unpleasant that I one day represented the state of things to the king, who immediately most kindly placed a large room at Mon Bijou Palace at our disposal, which was fitted up as a chapel by subscription, and opened for divine worship on Whitsunday, 1854."

If here and there the ministrations of our clergy are still defective, the services recalling to our minds the state of torpor from which elsewhere we have been awakened, it should be remembered that the Church of England on the Continent has to contend against special difficulties. There are no fixed endowments. The income of the chaplains in most places is extremely small. Their position is often one of great isolation. The pastoral charge at Rome, at Paris, at Cannes, is doubtless as important as the most important parish in England, yet such a pastoral charge opens no career beyond itself. Men feel, when they embark on the work of a foreign chaplaincy, that they are surrendering all prospect of advance or distinction at home.

Such, however, was not always the case. Michael Geddes, on leaving Lisbon in 1688, became chancellor of Sarum. Basil Kennett on leaving Leghorn in 1714, became president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The chaplaincy which the Levant Company maintained at Aleppo was served by a succession of men who rose



to eminence at home. Edward Pocock, who held this chaplaincy from 1630 to 1636, was appointed by Laud first professor of Latin at Oxford, and became subsequently regius professor of Hebrew, and a canon of Christ Church. Robert Frampton, of Christ Church, who served this chaplaincy from 1656 to 1671, became a prebendary of Salisbury and of Gloucester in 1672, Dean of Gloucester in 1673, and Bishop of Gloucester in 1680. Pepys, in his diary, twice notices Frampton, first under date of October 10, 1666. This was the fast day for the Great Fire. Frampton had come home for a while by leave of his friends at Aleppo. "And then to church again; and there was Mr. Frampton in the pulpit, whom they cry up so much; a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue. I heard a little of his sermon." The next notice is a few months later, January 21, 1667: "I to church, and there beyond expectation find our seat, and all the church crammed by twice as many people as used to be; and to my great joy find Mr. Frampton in the pulpit, and I think the best sermon for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that I ever heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like the apostles that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church." Bishop Frampton was succeeded at Aleppo by Robert Huntingdon, fellow of Merton College, who subsequently became provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland. The chaplaincy at Algiers was held from 1719 to 1731 by the Rev. Thomas Shaw, D.D., F.R.S., fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, a man of great learning, who subsequently became regius professor of Greek, principal of St. Edmund Hall, editor of some classical books, and author of a valuable work, entitled "Travels in Barbary and the Levant."

From 1825 to 1875, at all the important centres of commerce where British consuls were stationed, the affairs of our Church were regulated according to the provisions of an act of Parliament, generally called the Consular Act, 6 George IV., cap. 87. The Levant Company, which had liberally supported the chaplaincies at Smyrna and elsewhere, after an existence

of nearly two hundred and fifty years, was dissolved in 1825, making over its charter, with all its rights, privileges, and property, to the English government; and the chaplaincy to the British factory at Smyrna became a "consular chaplaincy." In 1875 the number of chaplaincies maintained in accordance with the provisions of the act was greatly reduced, and at the present time four only remain of the forty or fifty which, twenty years ago, were aided by an annual Parliamentary grant doubling the subscriptions of the congregation. These are at Marseilles, Malaga, Trieste, and Smyrna; the first being retained on the list to provide for the numerous British sailors who frequent that seaport; the last from respect to rights bequeathed by the Levant Company.

The Church of England cannot be said to have been forgetful of her duty towards those members of the upper and middle classes who leave our country for foreign shores. But there is a class whose moral and religious wants she has not been equally careful to bear in mind. Very scanty provision has as yet been made for the multitudes of British sailors who throng every foreign seaport. The chaplains who were appointed under the Consular Act were instructed to regard British seamen as part of their charge. In some of the more important harbors, to replace that national aid which was withdrawn in 1875, a fresh machinery is being supplied by such institutions as the societies called Missions to Seamen, St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, and the Gibraltar Diocesan Spiritual Aid Fund. By the help which these institutions provide, chaplaincies, lay-reader-ships, "homes," and "institutes" for British seamen are gradually being established. But in many ports, especially of northern Europe, our national Church has done little as yet for her sailor sons. Efforts are now being made to found a bishopric for the supervision of English congregations in central and northern Europe. If such efforts should meet with success, one of the first enterprises which will claim the attention of the new bishop will be to overtake the arrears which this vast field of pastoral labor presents.

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